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BY SIVAD.

There was a smithering of sians and a smattering of "Bands,"
A flowing of reason, and feasting of souls;
A sprinkling of beer, with loads of good cheer,
Intermingled with laugh er and fresh buttered rolls."
And ther were jokes, from actors and mokes,
From old men, and young men—all in the Profession;
And, if you'll allow, I'll try here and now
To write a history of the last "social session."

To tell all who were there twould be hard, I declare—
There was "Chapin," the leading man, handsome and fine,
And "Simmon" and "Sweetnam," and means the "Palace,"
With "Mortimer" and "Barry," of the "variety" line,
And "Welch'y" Fayette, (his first appearance as yet)
Who indulged in acurious darkey refrain,
Which created a roar, and gained such an encore
That he was almost persuaded to sing it again.

"Frank Whittaker" presided, altho' much derided
By "that other wretch" "Professor Herne,"
And "Radcliff" he spouted, and "Simmons," he shouted
His funny and songs as no other man can;
Then "Sweetnam," so doleful, poured out his soul full
Of ballads parasitic, "limb"theic and sad,
And "Russell" secondo, I mean "Basso Profundo,"
Growled out the "Old Sexton" as if he were mad.

There were Irish songs, Dutch songs, and Donnybrook jigs,
Professionals scattered around in profusion,
A goodly assembly of good fellows I ween,
Who mingle together without noise or confusion.
But excuse my digression, I've forgotten the "session"
In speaking of men in the professional line,
The graveyards were yawning, at one in the morning,
When the party concluded by singing "Lang syne."

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,

THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYBIL'S INHERITANCE," "EVELYN'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And grant my love immortal on thy fame;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who can feel them most.

"Is Sir Robert at home?"

The question was asked at the lodge gate of extensive grounds, and was apparently a very simple and ordinary one; but the hard-featured man who had answered the clang of the rusty bell looked at the applicant with a mingling of cynical amusement and morose annoyance in his face.

"You're a stranger, I expect, or you would never ask such a question," he said, gazing sharply at the seedy, yet well fitting dress, and the haggard though handsome features of the gentleman whom he pertinaciously kept at bay with the closed gates.

"Be so good as to answer it," the inquirer said, sternly. "It matters nothing to you whence I come. I wish to see Sir Robert Darcy, if he is at home. That is all you need to know."

"There you're mistaken, for unless I have some unusually good reason, I'll neither tell you where Sir Robert is, nor let you in, supposing he should be at home. I've got the best side of the gate, so you'd better be civil, master."

The stranger's hand played involuntarily with a heavy stick he carried, which bore a strong resemblance to those especially loaded for self-defence. Once he lifted it for a moment, but the saturnine grin on the porter's face reminded him opportunely that it would be a needless degradation to attempt any such Lynch-law measures.

The shadows of evening were already threatening the coming obscurity of their advent. Time was precious if he intended to return that night to one who sorely needed his presence, and for her sake he mastered the indignant passions which the insult had raised in a not very patient spirit.

"I presume you will not refuse admission to Sir Robert's brother?" he said, with a vain effort at the cold dignity he desired to assume.

"His brother! Humph! Well, he has two, I believe," sneered the porter. "One of them is a fool and the other a rogue. I've heard. Pray which of the two are you, sir?"

The hot blood was boiling now, and the stranger raised the long, heavy cane and swung it in the air until it descended on the gate keeper's shoulders.

A dark scowl swept like a tempest over the man's face; then his mood seemed suddenly to change, as if accustoming to superior force, and he opened the gate somewhat wider, though still standing in its portal.

"That's a rough kind of card to leave, and one that is not to be lost sight of," he observed; "but it does not give the name quite so plainly. However, I suppose I'm right in my guess. It's Mr. Marcus, is it not?"

The stranger nodded assent as he passed the magic portal and walked hastily along the broad carriage way that led to the house. The porter gazed after him with a sneering laugh, chuckling low and fiercely from between his teeth.

"As if I didn't know him directly, in spite of his shabby clothes. Yes, they're not easily to be mistaken, those Darcys. And the horse shoe frown came on his face, just like the baronet; and, what's queerer than all, that's either misery or spendthrifts, it seems. And Sir Robert's been both in his day."

Meanwhile Marcus Darcy strode on till he reached the old mansion which had been his birthplace, but which was now desolate and silent, with half the well known windows closed against the admission of heaven's sun and free air. For, as the porter had said, the baronet who now possessed that ancient and time-honored grange was a perfect hermit in his habits and a miser in his expenditure. Marcus did not risk another refusal at the door of the hall.

Perhaps he doubted whether there were menials to answer the summons. So he went by a rear path round one of the gabled ends of the house, and stood in a few moments at the deep, low window of an oak panelled room, which he remembered as the "library" in his earlier days. He gazed in on its interior.

There was but one tenant of the large apartment, a thin, spare man of some thirty-three years, busily occupied at a table on which lay a confused heap of papers and coin, which appeared to engross the eager gaze of their possessor with a basilisk fascination. And for the dress there was also strong, if a different charm in those glittering heaps—those delicate, thin, and tissued notes that represented yet greater value.

To him they were a talisman to accomplish his dearest hopes, and avert his sorest trial, that threatened to overwhelm his soul! His shadow passing between the window and the gradually obscuring light seemed to attract the attention of the recluse. Sir Robert looked anxiously from his task, but the next moment the French window had been wrenched open, and Marcus and his baronet brother stood face to face.

"Villain! what do you want? what brought you here?" gasped Sir Robert, involuntarily drawing the golden store under the shadow of the table cover.

"I am no villain, Robert. I am the son of your father. I want help—help to save my wife, my child!"

"Go and work. You have wasted your patrimony, and now you would reduce me to poverty as wretched as your own. I must save—save for my Amine, my own darling," he said, with a strange, haggard glimpse of tenderness in the look and the tone.

"Robert, you have wealth more than you can count. My last sovereign has been spent to get wine for my dying wife—to give a chance of nourishment for her babe. For your Amine's sake have mercy! Aid me now with but one of those myriads of superfluous notes, and my Blanche may yet be saved."

"Wine, and you a beggar! Marcus, will you never learn wisdom? Profligate, spendthrift that you are, have you the impudence to expect me to trust you with my hard-won provision for my child? No, no. She will be an heiress, a great heiress, my Amine. She shall not have to do or say wanted!"

A strange, muttering jabber was heard in a corner of the room, and Marcus took an angry step towards the supposed eavesdropper. But, in an instant, before he could well define its identity, a large, powerful baboon had started from a heap of confined carpet in a dark recess of the apartment and leaped from the window.

"It is only Charlie, and I suppose you're friends with him, and he is so fond of her," observed Sir Robert, apparently amused at his brother's discomfiture. "Marcus, I have no more to say; you had better not waste your time here."

"Robert Robert, I cannot—I will not go without something to alleviate my Blanche's sufferings. If you have the heart of a man you cannot refuse it—it would be murder—you cannot be!" he hissed, clenching his hands in the agony of the idea.

"The murder would be at your door, Marcus. Go, go; you are wasting time—wasting time. I have nothing—nothing to spare," returned Sir Robert, bending again over his table, and for the moment there was a dead stillness in the room. "What, there still?" he exclaimed, suddenly looking up in a few seconds at the motionless form of his brother, which still stood rigid and sternly repeating him.

"Robert, is it possible? Are you a fiend?" he groaned. "Think once more. It is the son of your mother who humbles himself to beg alms for his wife. I tell you it will bring a curse on your very child; you will have retribution like hail on your head; the blood of the innocent will be at your door. Will you dare their outraged cry?"

The strong man's voice quivered like a child's. His whole frame seemed thrilled with the images conjured up, but the hearer did not quail under their solemn, spurned warning.

"Must I have you turned out of the house?" he resumed, fiercely. "Go to Ralph if you want help; they say he is coining money in his profession. Perhaps he could give you some copying to do if you will work."

"Go to Ralph! I'd as soon go to a workhouse and stand in this bleak night air as from door than meet his hypocrisy, his smooth villainy," exclaimed Marcus, passionately. "Robert, you are hardened by an insane love of gold till every pulse, every human current is petrified in your veins, but still you are honest in your unfeeling cruelty; but Ralph—Ralph would smile and pity you as he hurled you down the very precipice from which he appeared to strive to save you. No, no, not even for her sake could I risk his snake-like venom."

He moved slowly and mechanically to the door, as if despair was weighing down every limb like lead. At the very instant when he reached the door, his hands clasped before him, his form bowed under this last cruel crush of his last lingering hope, the ungainly figure of the baboon suddenly swung itself from the bough of a tree opposite to the window, and, before either brother was aware, with one rapid bound had sprung into the room, and snatching from the table one of the many notes that lay in sorted heaps on its table, thrust it into Marcus' hand.

There seemed magic in the touch. A ray like bursting sunshine illumined the unhappy man's ashen face. Still the instinct of his blood, the stirrings of honor and of high descent were not dead within him. He stood facing his brother.

"Robert, is not this the will of fate? Does not your Amine speak through this senseless brute?" he asked in a low, earnest tone.

"Go, go, let me never see you more," gasped Sir Robert, glancing half terrified at the jabbering, gesticulating creature, who indicated with half intelligible, half fiendish signs and threats that his strange pleasure was not to be thwarted with impunity.

There sounded a clear, shrill, yet sweet child's cry in the interior of the vast house at the moment, and Sir Robert sprang up as if galvanised, and actually pushed Marcus by violence from the window, over which the heavy curtains fell like a sudden eclipse of light. And the outcast son of that honored line retreated as an exile—a banned, disgraced exile—from the home of his fathers.

Sir Robert rushed through the inner doorway as the child's voice again sounded low in his ear; but, even in that hurried agitation, he turned the key on his glittering treasures. But as it closed behind him another figure stole quickly from behind a heavy oaken panel in a distant recess, and paced itself quietly at the table just vacated by the baronet.

A pair of keen, piercing eyes scanned with cool deliberation the minutest detail of the confused mass of papers and gold that Sir Robert had heaped together in his alarm.

Meanwhile Sir Robert had hastily ascended the shallow oak staircase, at the top of which a richly carved arch conducted to a wide, long corridor, with doors on either side, that told of the numerous chambers which had once been tenanted by gay and youthful scions of that ancient race. One of these the baronet entered, with as gentle though hasty a step as a mother could have glided to the side of her child's sleeping couch.

It was a cherub face that lay on the downy pillow—a very picture of infant loveliness, that never knew a shadow on its baby joys. The arm that was thrown over the coverlet was round and white as sculptor could have desired for a model, and the glossy ringlets that fell over the pillow were of singular length and beauty.

"Papa," she said, again; "papa, come!"

"I am here, my darling, my treasure!" he said, bending over her. "What does my Amine want?"

But, as he looked more closely on the sweet face, he perceived that the child still slept, and that it must be in her dreams that the idea or his absence haunted her.

"At least, she loves me," he murmured; "at least, she loves me, whatever else calls me hard and penurious. My Amine shall always cling to me as her tenderest shelter from every blast. She shall never know one breath of sorrow or adversity. Her life shall be like a fairy dream."

Again he stooped over the small bed. He pressed a soft, light kiss on the young brow—another and yet another; then he turned away, walking with the same cautious stillness that had marked his entrance.

He turned at the door. Was it a presentiment of the future that haunted his mind and chained him, as it were, to that sacred shrine of his idolatry? He checked it with a scornful smile at himself, paused resolutely from the room and returned to the library which he had so recently quitted.

He uttered an exclamation of startled and no very pleasing astonishment as he entered.

"Ralph, you here? How, in the name of all that is burglarious, did you get in?" he asked, with a ghastly attempt to cover his alarm by a jest.

"In a very easy and earthly manner, Robert. Have you so completely forgotten the communication between this room and my old study? Perkins tried to prevent my presenting in seeing you to-night, and, I believe, was very glad to wash his hands of the responsibility by letting me find my way as I chose. I heard a voice—not yours—as I approached, so I waited till all was silent. When I moved the old panel screen you had vanished—that's all."

"Do you know who has been here?"

"Of course not."

"Marcus."

"Indeed! He has tolerable impudence, after making such a fool of himself. What did he want? But I can guess—money—always money."

"He said his wife was dying, and the child, and that he is well nigh starving."

"So much the better. The marriage was a degrading folly," said Ralph, with a venomous triumph glittering in his eyes. "And the boy, the heir to our name, Robert, would, no doubt, be a worthy successor to his father if he lived, and dissipate all the broad acres you have taken such pains to preserve."

Sir Robert laughed cynically.

"I? You are as great a fool as Marcus, Ralph, even to think of such a thing. Do you suppose that I should deny myself every snilling merely to free the lands remaining from the ruined fortunes of our house, which my only child would not inherit? No; my 'heir' will not have much to play with, whatever my 'heiress' may enjoy."

"Then do you mean that you have not paid off the mortgages, Robert, with all your thousands?" asked Ralph, eagerly.

"Certainly not."

"Tous Amine is to be richer than her baronet cousin. He had better retrieve his future by marrying her when they are old enough, though she will have some two years or so the advantage in years."

"Never! I have taken care of that. Not one shilling will remain to Amine if she marry a Darcy," answered the baronet, sarcastically. "So you need not marry on the strength of Marcus' boy's death and that clever scheme, Ralph."

"Marriage and I have long ceased even to dream of each other," returned Ralph, carelessly. "However, be assured, Robert, it would be my own and not my future son's bride to whom I should look for such a golden answer on the parched lands of the Darcys. As to marrying, you are as likely to take a second wife as I am a first."

"Never!" said the baronet, sternly. "Do not speak of such a subject, Ralph, if you mean us to continue friends. What brought you here to-night?" he added, sharply; "money?"

"Yes; but not in Marcus' fashion. I came to offer you a good investment, Robert. It will bring you in fifteen per cent. for any amount—say twenty thousand pounds—and safe as your own coffers."

Sir Robert laughed bitterly.

"You're a cunning fox, Ralph. Suppose I were to say I had not so much in this world? What then?"

"I am afraid I should not believe you," was the smooth, smiling reply.

"Then it will be as well to change the subject at once, Master Ralph," returned the baronet, with a sneer. "I don't object to giving you one little bit of information, however. My savings are in the very safest possible investment, viz., my own keeping, and what is more, they are as inaccessible as the very catacombs, the bowels of the earth itself. There'll be no loss if there's no profit there anyhow."

He laughed a cold, harsh laugh, while his eyes scanned sharply the effect of his words on the listener. But in vain. Ralph's face was as imperturbable as a steel mask, and as cold and smooth.

"Enough, Robert, enough. It cannot be of the slightest consequence to me, as you are aware, since, of course, your will has been made long since."

"Is not Amine my natural heiress, without any such extravagance?" asked Sir Robert, sharply.

"You might command my services for nothing, of course," returned Ralph, deprecatingly.

"More foolish than ever," returned Sir Robert. "That is not the way to get on, Ralph, or clear the estate when it comes to you. However, I will not trouble you. My arrangements are fully made, were I to die to-night. Anything more?"

"Is that a dismissal, Robert?"

"As you please. You don't intend to remain all night, I suppose, and, as you do not keep wine in the house to regale uninvited guests," was the ungracious reply.

"And, I suppose, Perkins, and Amine's nurse, and one female servant are all your household still?" asked Ralph, rising to go at the hint. "Rather a change from the dozen or two domestics we remember in our youth, Robert. Well, good night. Perhaps it may be sometime before we meet again."

"And it may be under very different circumstances," replies the baronet, "and with more witnesses to the interview. Good night."

Ralph held out his hand. Sir Robert barely touched it, then recoiled from the contact.

"It is damp and cold as a corpse! What is in your heart to chill your blood in that style?" he asked, meaningly; "and your face is almost as ghastly as the moonbeams that. There is some devilry in your soul, Ralph; but so long as I am rid of it, it is no business of mine. There, that's the way. I don't care to have such barristers entrances into my house another time, remember."

He opened the French window as he spoke, and watched the retreating form of his brother till it was lost in the whiteness of the chastly shrubbed paths. The moonbeams were clear and bright as day, and Robert Darcy gazed with a strange prescience on the familiar prospect, which had been the first to greet his childish vision—which might be the last on which his eyes would rest. The sole, tender memory of his heart—that of his deceased wife—rose up with unusual vividness in his thoughts.

A fair young orphan heiress of a wealthy Spanish refugee, with no friends to protect or counsel her, had been wooed and won by the half-ruined possessor of the Grange and Darcy Abbey, the noble but heavily burdened appendage of the baronetcy the time being.

And he had loved and cherished her from sorrow and loneliness, and all the fountains of tenderness which seem to be latent in every breast were poured forth on her, his treasured bride, only for a brief space. Amine's birth and the christening of Britain were trials too great for the

THE LATE T. D. RICE, ("Jim Crow.")

For Biographical Sketch see Page 284.

sun-matured Andalusian, and Lady Darcy faded into the tomb ere her child could do more than lisp her name.

From that hour a passion, almost a mania, had seized the widowed husband. Amine should inherit her mother's wealth, doubled by his care and self-sacrifice, and no Darcy of that line should reap one shilling benefit from the gold so freely extended to him by his lost wife. All this rushed through his mind as he stood there, and mingled with it came the thought of Marcus, his suffering, spendthrift brother, and his dying wife and child.

"It was a vow—a vow!" he muttered; "yet I am glad—glad that it was broken, as it were, without my will. Poor Mark! poor Mark! he is not so evil as Ralph, with all his follies; and, please Heaven! the curse he threatened will be averted now. Amine! Amine! surely Heaven will watch over thy child—thy namesake—thy living image!"

He returned into his apartment and rang for his sole male domestic, who appeared after an unusual delay, with his master's frugal supper of milk and bread.

"Where have you been, Perkins?" he asked, sharply.

"I was locking up, Sir Robert," he said, though he could not meet his master's eye, and busied himself with a most unnecessary arrangement of the table and its contents.

"Is all ready?—are you going to bed now?" asked Sir Robert again.

"Yes, Sir Robert. Cook and nurse have had their supper. I don't want any, Sir Robert. Can I do anything else, sir?"

"Where is the monkey Charlie?" returned his master.

"In his den, Sir Robert, outside the house. I saw him go in myself, and I shut the door."

"All right, that will do, Perkins."

With a respectful salute the man left the room.

Had Sir Robert happened to turn his keen eyes on his servant's face while he questioned him in that usual formula he would have hardly failed to notice the sluggular, fixed rigidity of his features and pallid hue of his skin. But he was too intent on other thoughts, too subdued by the sorrows which were freshened, as it were, by their indulgence, to heed so insignificant a subject as a domestic's variable moods.

The simple refreshment was concluded, then Sir Robert collected all the documents and the gold and notes, which he had been disturbed in arranging, and, wrapping them in a leaden sheet, which was placed in an India rubber case, he lighted a lamp and proceeded through the panelled door by which Ralph had entered, down a short staircase into a stone subterranean passage, which led to the vaults under the house. For some time he sat with that beloved form resting in his arms. He could not believe in the extent of his own misery, his utter desolation.

"Alone!" he murmured, "alone in the world! Why should I live? No, no, I will not, I cannot endure it; my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

There was a fierce gleam in the wretched man's eyes, which then entered some de perate deed; he looked round the poorly furnished room as if in search of the means of its accomplishment, then they rested on the sweet, pale face that still reclined on his arm—so calm, so heavenly in its peaceful repose.

The glare of his dark eyes softened, his lips quivered, and tears came slowly and with difficulty to quench their burning fire.

"Blanche will watch over you!" sounded in his ears as with a prophet's voice—a promise from the dead.

He laid the light, fragile form gently, reverently on the pillow, and himself composed the delicate limbs. Then he placed by its side the babe—whose innocent spirit had but preceded its mother a brief time in its flight to a less cruel world than that whose atmosphere it had best just breathed—and, locking the door behind him, rushed out into the dawning grey of the white, snowy morn.

"Ah, Viola, you little goose, I thought you were hid here. It is well only Mr. Darcy discovered your retreat, or I could hardly have covered such an extremely *naïve*, nun-like proceeding," laughed the masculine lady of the *fete*. "Really, Mr. Darcy, one would think this little creature had lived all her life on a desert island, she is so terribly unpractised and shy."

"A very refreshing variety of the genus *felpt* 'young lady,' I should think, Lady Monckton," put in a cynical old bachelor who had followed the hostess, while Viola glided away like a spirit to more frequented regions, where she might be lost in the crowd. "Do you not think so, Mr. Darcy?" he added, turning to the unmoved barrister.

"Perhaps. My experience is extremely slight," returned Ralph, coldly.

"I want you to increase it by taking one down to supper," interposed Lady Monckton. "Perhaps you will follow me and I will conduct you. Mr. Darcy, to one of my guests who, I believe, is an old friend of yours, Lady Beatrice Thornhill."

And she hurried off, leaving Mr. Darwin, the old bachelor in question, planted in the boudoir.

"Darcy, Darcy!" he repeated to himself. "Is it one of the Lancashire Darcys, I wonder. Yes, it must be. If so, it must be a queer business. He is dancing over his brother's grave, if the telegraph wires are to be trusted. It's a strange world—a very strange world!"

Then Mr. Darwin hurried in quest of a spinster cousin, who was his especial charge for the night. Meanwhile Ralph had been doing his devoir to the Lady Beatrice, a stately brunette, some five years the senior of the child-girl he had been wooing.

"Pray can you tell me the name of that little blonde, shrinking under the shadow of that ample *diplomat*? I should imagine he has no intentions, as it is the fashion to call them, in that quarter, so she need not be alarmed."

"Why not? Is she not a pretty little creature, do you think, Lady Beatrice?"

The brunette shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps; but about as fit to become the wife of a man of position, or who wishes to gain a position, as a child in the nursery. But perhaps she is an admiration of yours, Mr. Darcy, and I am touching on forbidden ground."

She gave a brilliant flash from her dark eyes as she spoke, and an arch smile that insensibly flattered even the cool and calculating Ralph.

"Miss St. Clair is the daughter of a remarkable, if eccentric man, Lady Beatrice and——"

"And the father's talents throw a glamour over the daughter," laughed Lady Beatrice. "It seems impossible that she should be a nonentity. Yet were I a man I would never care for a woman who would start back and shiver and faint when I wished to make her the sharer in my plans—my bold, daring p ay in life's game."

Ralph started.

"What did it mean?" he thought. "Could those piercing eyes read his heart? Was there a witchery to divine his secrets in that dark, Oriental-looking woman?"

"You speak as if you considered ambition a nobler passion than love, Lady Beatrice."

"Do not you?"

"Perhaps. But can they not be combined?"

"If a man is wise—yes," she murmured, in a low tone.

Again one of those rare but thrilling flashes of passion and fire warmed her mobile features. Ralph gave a quick glance at Viola. She was pale and silent, her blue eyes seemed glittering with irrepressible tears as they watched shyly and sadly his brilliant companion.

"Lady Beatrice, there is a sympathy in our natures," he said. "Perhaps it is yet on the leaves of Fate that they should pursue the same object and further the same ends. Do not condemn me if I seem a traitor to our principles, our friendship."

"Then it is so," she said, without moving a muscle. "You are befooled by that soft, doll face. I am not surprised, perhaps, but it disappoints me to find even one whom I had deemed superior to the charm of mere physical beauty and childish softness should sink in my esteem."

There was a general movement among the denizens of the supper tables at the moment, and Ralph and Lady Beatrice were sheltered from the eyes of the young creature whose fate, perhaps, hung on those next words. He clasped her hand convulsively and suddenly in his.

"Lady Beatrice, can you not trust me still? You said, but now, ambition was above love. Do not make my struggle between them more difficult."

"Ralph Darcy, you said also that it was impossible to read the book of fate. I tell you, in my turn, that ours will be yet mingled. When you need a strong and resolute nature to support you, when success depends on the help of one who does not start at shadows, you may yet return to your allegiance and sue humbly at my feet. I bide my time."

And, without waiting for his escort, Beatrice Thornhill glided from the spot and was soon lost among the moving crowd in the saloons. If her heart was pierced, if her pride was wounded, no one but herself could even suspect the presence of any rankling barb.

The same brilliant *repartee*, the same stately grace, the same unfailing self command, distinguished the Lady Beatrice Thornhill to the close of that memorable ball as had pointed her out as an object of admiration at its opening. Yet she, as well as Viola St. Clair, had on that night heard words that decided her whole future fate.

* * *

"Mr. St. Clair, I am here this morning but for one object, and moments are too precious for me to use needless preliminaries or make idle professions. Will you give me your daughter? Will you trust to me your Viola?"

Ralph Darcy was standing on the rug of a strangely furnished room, filled with rare objects from distant climes, with scientific instruments, with books, which were too numerous to find their proper home on shelves and bookcases, but were in confused heaps on the floor and on the tables and chairs, till scarcely a seat was left for their owner's privileged guests. Mr. St. Clair looked up in bewildered mystification from a newspaper he was reading.

"Am I dreaming?" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Either my eyes or my ears must surely deceive me, Mr. Darcy. Is it possible you have not seen this morning's paper, or had tidings yourself of your family misfortune?"

Ralph remained perfectly unmoved under his host's implied reproach, though there was a decorous gravity on his face as he replied:—

"Pardon me, Mr. St. Clair, I do know the calamity that has befallen the head of our house, the eldest son of my father. But I am too little of a worldling to affect what I do not feel. Robert and I have been aliens from each other almost from boyhood; our tastes and habits were utterly diverse, and——but no, I will not speak more of the dead than to tell you that there has been no cause for sympathy or affection from his conduct to myself."

"But surely so terrible a death—and the child too, all gone, buried under the very ashes of your ancestor's home, should scarcely fail to appal even a stranger," resumed Mr. St. Clair.

"Mr. St. Clair, if it were in human power to bring my unhappy brother and his infant heiress back to life—if I could restore my birthpiace to its ancient grandeur by the sacrifice of my very heart's blood it should be shed," replied Ralph, with not an emotion. "There may, perhaps, be still more dis reasing revelations awaiting me when I arrive at the desolate scene. S ill, I am a man who cannot brook a very suspicion of double dealing or treachery, and I have come to clear myself from such a reproach ere I go to my sickening duty."

"I do not understand you, Mr. ——, or I suppose I should now call you Sir Ralph Darcy," returned Mr. St. Clair, "I could scarcely be love that a man whom I have received and trusted as a friend, a gentleman, should forfeit my confidence by even an appearance of treachery to my dearest interests, my heart's sole anxiety and care."

"Ah I see that you understand me, Mr. St. Clair, and if you enter into my honest feelings as I do into yours, there will soon be a perfect understanding between us. I asked your darling, your precious pearl, whether I might dare to hope one could learn to love, to be happy with me, ere I would disturb the serenity of your nature and the noble pursuits in which you are engaged by such a request. Was I wrong?"

"And her answer—her answer?" exclaimed the father, impetuously.

"She said your will would be hers; but I think—yes, I feel assured that her young, pure heart has been given to my keeping, even, perhaps, unconsciously to herself. Mr. St. Clair, it is the dearest treasure of my life. Rank, wealth, to which I have so sadly been call d, will be nothing without my sweet pearl, my angel love."

"Yet she will have wealth. I have guarded her from the merciless fortune hunters who pursue such richly endowed, timid gazelles as their lawful prey. I have shadowed her from such contact as if there had been a pestilence in the world's atmosphere. Ralph Darcy, how can I trust you, even you?"

"There is no easy reply, Mr. St. Clair. I never even breathed the love that has been me part of my very life till I knew that my position would silence such suspicions. The heir of the Darcys could not degrade himself to win any heiress in the land when he would not have wooed her beauty and sweetness been her sole dower."

"Then you know it, you had heard of it before you spoke to Viola?" exclaimed Mr. St. Clair, eagerly.

"The catastrophe had been intimated to me by telegraph, but I was requested to wait for more certain intelligence," returned Ralph. "Now every minute is precious; yet I would not leave Miss St. Clair with the burdens of an unacknowledged secret, or incur the odium of concealing a parent's plight. Again I say, will you give your child? I can offer her no mean position, no despicable home; and I have won, even without an effort, her young heart. Why should you hesitate?"

"Ralph Darcy, Viola will have a dowry of thirty thousand pounds on her wedding day.

"And I have a dowry of thirty thousand pounds on my death. Did you not know this? I am much more on my death. Did you not know this?" as much more on my death. Did you not know this?" repeated Ralph, with not an emotion. "There may, perhaps, be still more dis reasing revelations awaiting me when I arrive at the desolate scene. S ill, I am a man who cannot brook a very suspicion of double dealing or treachery, and I have come to clear myself from such a reproach ere I go to my sickening duty."

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"And I have a dowry of thirty thousand pounds

fortune put an end to it, and the referee declared it a drawn battle. A brother of Coburn matched him, the following year, against Harry Gribbon, who had fought five times in the English prize ring, for three events, for $2000 a side. They fought in Canada, Nov. 29th, Gribbon being knocked out of time in the 31st round. Coburn, after they had been fighting half an hour. On the 7th of August, prior to his engagement with Gribbon, he had a room mate by the name of Fenton, a noted brother of the Fourth Ward, who was a participant in three severe rounds, administering severe punishment in all rounds, with comparatively little punishment. In the fall of 1865, Coburn went to America and met Kelly, in Boston, and in this country with a big reputation, by virtue of defeating Jonathan Smith, in Australia, in 2 hours and 15 minutes. Fifty dollars were staked on the side, Coburn's friends not being on hand with the money. Morrissey, the stakeholder delivered to him the money down. Morrissey, the stakeholder delivered to him the money down. The third Joe, not happening to meet Kelly afterward, a fair ring was pitched where they had it then, Coburn obtaining down to even places, they had it then, Coburn obtaining down to even places, they had it then, Coburn obtaining down to even places,

THE TURF.

THE DOUBLE TEAM MATCH
BETWEEN
HONEST ALLEN AND KINGSTON, WITH RUNNING MATES, FOR $2,000.

After repeated postponements, the third and deciding match of the rubber between Mr. W. Simmons' chestnut stallion Honest Allen, with running mate, and Mr. Martin's bay gelding Kingston, with running mate, for $1,000 a side, mile heats, best three in five, came off on the Prospect Park Course, L. I., on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 30th. The first match between these teams, trotted at Fleetwood Park, was won by Honest Allen and mate in six heats, of which Kingston and mate scored two, and made a dead heat. The second match between them was trotted at Prospect Park, Kingston and mate winning in four heats, Honest Allen scoring the first. Mr. Simmons was not satisfied with the result of this last race, for he attributed Honest Allen's defeat to the tiring of his running mate, and at once offered to make a third match for $1,000 a side, to trot over the same track. Mr. Martin, the owner of Kingston, promptly accommodated him, and the present race was made. Great interest was felt in the contest, but the intense cold prevented many persons from visiting the course to witness it. The track was in much better order for trotting than was looked for after the sharp frost. The pool betting was brisk, Honest Allen and mate selling at the rate of $100 to $50 over the opposing team. William Borst, as usual, piloted Honest Allen, while Mr. W. Martin, the owner, took Tom Carpenter's place behind Kingston and mate.

First Heat.—Honest Allen and mate had the pole, and a capital send off was had. Before reaching the quarter pole, which was done in 35 seconds, Kingston and mate showed a length in front, and they increased this advantage to two lengths at the half mile, trotted in 1:10. They held this lead round the lower stretch, but nearing the three-quarter pole they met the wind full against them, and Allen and mate closed rapidly on them. A fine struggle up the home-stretch ensued, but Kingston and mate crossed the score a length ahead in 2:25.

Second Heat.—The betting changed and the Kingston team became the favorite. They got off evenly together, but the Allen team quickly showed in front, and, steadily widening the gap, led three lengths at the quarter pole in 34 seconds. On the back stretch Kingston and mate trotted with great speed, and laid at the stallion's wheels at the half mile pole, passed in 1:08¾. On the third quarter both teams were lapped, and the sight was highly exciting at the closeness of the struggle. Suddenly Kingston left his feet and his chance of the heat was gone, Honest Allen and mate winning by a length in the fast time, for the day and track, of 2:21¾.

Third Heat.—Little betting was done, as the spectators were shy of investing, but Kingston and mate had the call in what business was transacted. Another good send off, Allen and mate first showing ahead, but Kingston caught them at the quarter, trotted in 36 seconds, and took the pole from the stallion at the half mile pole, passed in 1:10. Coming in the home-stretch, Honest Allen's running mate gave out, and Kingston and mate won the heat easily by two lengths. Time, 2:23¾. Allen pulled up lame.

Fourth Heat.—No betting. Honest Allen got a length the best of the start, but Kingston got to his favorite position at the quarter in 35½ seconds, and passed him before reaching the half mile, in 1:10. Allen's mate quitting badly. On the lower turn Honest Allen came in with a desperate rush, and got on even terms with Kingston and mate at the head of the home-stretch, but the latter's running companion gave out, and Kingston and mate went over the score, winners of the heat and race by a length in 2:25.

Before the judges could announce their decision of the heat and race, a young fellow, who had invested $30 on Honest Allen and mate and lost, entered a protest against Mr. Martin, to the effect that he (Martin) was ineligible to drive on any course governed by the National Association, because he had been suspended by the Fleetwood Association for foul driving on their track. Martin acknowledged that such had been the case, but Darius Tallman, the superintendent of the Fleetwood course, had informed him the charges had been withdrawn. In the absence of Tom Carpenter, he had driven his horse himself, and claimed that he was perfectly eligible to do so. He also claimed that as no protest had been made before or during the progress of the race, none could be made after it. The matter will be brought before the National Association for decision. The race had been won and all bets on it decided. The Prospect Park Association committed an error in allowing Martin to drive at all, if they believed him to be ineligible, but having done so, it is thought that they cannot take subsequent action. Summary:—

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 30th, 1871.—Trotting match, $1,000; mile heats, best three in five, with running mates.

W. Martin entered b g Kingston and mate.....Owner 1 2 1 1
G. W. Simmons entered b s Honest Allen and mate.....Owner 2 1 2 2

Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.	Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.
1st heat....	0:35	1:10	2:25	3d heat...	0:36	1:10	2:23¾
2d heat.....	0:34	1:08¾	2:21¼	4th heat...	0:35	1:10	2:25

A match for $250 a side, between R. S. Sammis' bay mare, Chip Girl, and W. Bennett's bay gelding, Mystery, followed. Mystery was the favorite before the start at $100 to $60 and he won the first heat by a neck in 2:48½, Chip Girl won the second by three lengths, in 2:46, and Mystery the third easily, in 2:42¾. The fourth and fifth heats and race were won by Chip Girl, Mystery acting badly in both heats. This closed the trotting season of 1871 at the Prospect Park course. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Match, $500; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Owner entered b m Chip Girl.....L. S. Sammis 2 1 2 1 1
Owner entered b g Mystery.....W. Bennett 1 2 1 2 2

Time.	Qr.	Half.	Mile.	Time.	Qr.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	0:44½	1:24½	2:48½	Fourth heat.	0:40	1:19½	2:41¾
Second heat.	0:40¾	1:23¾	2:46	Fifth heat..	0:41¾	1:21	2:44¾
Third heat ..	0:41	1:19¾	2:42¾				

THE SHREWSBURY RACES.

The fall meeting at Shrewsbury, Eng., commenced on Nov. 13th, and below we present details of the running in the principal races, decided on the 16th and 16th respectively:—

THE SHREWSBURY CUP, value 300 sovs, added to a Handicap of 20 sovs each, h ft; winners extra; the second saved his stake; the new straight mile.

General Peel entered Cleveland, by Brother to Strafford (1860) out of Knowsley's dam, 3 yrs., 7st 5lb.....Loates 1
Lord Falmouth entered Gertrude, 4 yrs., 8st 2lb.....Maidment 2
Mr. Eyre had entered g g by Orest out of Camera Obscura, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb.....C. Sopp 3

There were seventeen others started. Betting—4 to 1 agst Oxonian, 5 to 1 agst Queen of the May, 7 to 1 agst Columbus, 8 to 1 agst Corregidor, 10 to 1 each agst Camera Obscura, Gelding and Cleveland, 100 to 8 agst Border Knight, 100 to 7 each agst Adonis and Bumble Bee, 30 to 1 agst Fisherman, 25 to 1 each agst Gertrude, Bridgwater, Jubilee and La Vivaune, 33 to 1 each agst Pearlinder and Bonnie Katie, and 40 to 1 agst Rebecca. Only a moiety of the twenty competitors took preliminary canters, the others going direct to the post, from which, after one or two breaks away, Mr. M'George despatched them in a modern Hash, and Sammy Custon of the May not getting off with the body of their horses. Bonnie Katie, quickest on her legs, was first to show in front, followed by Satyr and Bumble Bee, while on the left were Oxonian, the Camera Obscura gelding and Pearlinder, the Shotover Cup winner, looking like the extreme inside berth, while in the centre Gertrude, Jubilee, Corregidor, Columbus and Cleveland were prominent. Bonnie Katie led the field at a good pace for half a mile, when Oxonian took up the running, followed by the Camera Obscura gelding and Satyr, Gertrude being well up in the centre, and Cleveland at her heels. Oxonian was going so well at the distance that his success appeared certain, but directly after passing this point he commenced to tire, was headed by the Camera Obscura gelding, who, however, directly after gave way to Gertrude, Cleveland being at the same time disappointed in getting through. Opposite the stand Gertrude collared an opportunity, and bringing up Cleveland with a rush on the whip hand of Gertrude, caught Lord Falmouth's mare in the last three strides, and won a good race by a head; two lengths divided second and third. Bonnie Kate was well up, fourth; Bumble Bee fifth, Columbus sixth, Oxonian seventh, Corregidor eighth, and Bridgewater next, the last four being Rebecca, Border Knight, La Victoire and Adon's.

CLIPPING HORSES.—ITS ADVANTAGES AND PROPRIETY FOR ROAD HORSES.—Some two or three winters since, Mr. Bergh, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, commenced a crusade against the clipping and singing of horses, on the ground that it was a cruel practice and inflicted unnecessary suffering on the animals subjected to the process. He was met with a general expression of derision for his mistaken humanity from the owners of horses and was obliged, after a time, to abandon his quixotic warfare on those gentlemen who persisted in clipping their horses in cold weather. This winter Mr. Bergh has been moved to renew his crusade against owners of horses who continue to clip and singe their horses, but warned by the experience of the past, he is endeavoring to collect information as to the advantages and benefits of the practice. He has addressed a letter to the eminent veterinary surgeon, Dr. James S. Cattanach, of this city, asking him to favor the society of which he is the active spirit, with his opinion as to the course to be pursued on his, Mr. Bergh's opinion, practice of clipping horses. In reply, Dr. Cattanach declares that he considers clipping highly beneficial to horses that are called upon to perform fast work; that, in his judgment, they immediately commence to improve in condition and feel better; that they will not perspire so much when worked hard; and that they can perform more work, and with greater ease, than before being clipped. The process, he is persuaded, strengthens the absorbents of the skin; and the animal to be clipped will, with greater freedom, is not so liable to take cold after a hard drive; he returns to his stable with a beautiful glow all over his whole frame; is easily rubbed dry, and will not break into a sweat when blanketed and placed in his stable. He declares that clipping is not adapted to horses that have only to perform slow work, nor to hacks that have to stand for hours at a time waiting for a job in the public squares, but for the road horse he considers it an act of humanity to relieve him of his heavy coat of hair.

LONGFELLOW AND HARRY BASSETT.—The prospect of an international match between Harry Bassett and an English race horse, next season, being now doubtful, in consequence of the impossibility of agreeing upon which side the Atlantic the race should be run, it is gratifying to know that there is a probability of Longfellow encountering Colonel McDaniels great crack next year, both at Long Branch and Saratoga. Old John Harper fully intends training the Saratoga Cup winner next season, and bringing him on north for the purpose of meeting Harry Bassett in the races for the Monmouth and Saratoga Cups. His misfortune Longfellow's defeat by Helmsold, in the four mile race at Saratoga, last August, to the fact that he held the latter horse so highly in estimation, that he did not give Longfellow any work after he knew Kingfisher had gone lame, for he thought his horse capable of beating Helmsold at any time, at any distance, and under any circumstances. Old John believes Longfellow to be the fastest horse alive when in condition, and intends taking every pains with his training than he has ever yet done, and feels confident that he can not only beat Harry Bassett for speed, but can also stay as long as the latter can. He will not run him at Jerome Park in the spring, but reserves him for his Long Branch meeting. It will be remembered that Colonel McDaniels, long before Longfellow came out and beat Kingfisher for the Saratoga Cup, expressed his readiness to match Harry Bassett against Kentucky Champion, at any distance, from one mile upwards, for $25,000 a side. Their meeting during the racing season of 1872, in either the Monmouth or Saratoga Cups, will be the most interesting event of the year, and create a vast amount of excitement among the racing men in every section of the country.

THE METAIRIE RACES.—POSTPONEMENT.—The last race meeting of the year, that of the Metairie Jockey Club, New Orleans, was to have commenced on Saturday last, the 2d inst., but we learn that it was postponed until to-day (Tuesday) on account of the heavy condition of the track and the inclement weather. The meeting promises to be one of unusual brilliancy, there being no fewer than four racing stables from the north on the course. On the first day there is a hurdle race, follow ed by the Metairie Stakes, for three year olds, two miles, for which the entries close, eleven in number, are Monarchist and Salina, from Mr. San'ord's stable; Stockwood, Sentinel, Saucebox, Guberlunzie, Creole Dance, Billy Williamson, Highway, and two fillies by Voucher and Lightning. This will be an interesting contest, and appears to be between Monarchist or Salina (whichever represents the Pendennis stable), Sentinel and Billy Williamson. A mile heat race finishes the day's sport. The Post Stake, for all ages, two mile heats on the second day, will be run for by Monarchist or Niagara, Hy. Imbold, Foster, Morgan Scout, and, perhaps, Stockwood. The feature of the third day's racing is the Lightning Stakes, for two years olds, one mile, for which there are sixteen nominations. There is every prospect of a capital meeting to wind up the racing season of 1871. Pools on each day's racing will be sold at Marshall and Johnson's, in this city.

DEATH OF A CANADIAN TURFITE.—A correspondent, writing from Toronto, C. W., on Nov. 29th, says:—"Recently Mr. James A. Johnson, a popular young Canadian sportsman, and a resident of this city, died of typhoid fever, after a short illness. He was universally known and respected in Canada, and was well known to many western American sportsmen, and known to all as a wholesouled sportsman and true man. Though but 25 years of age at his death, his reminiscences of the Canadian trotting turf were not unfrequent and of no ordinary kind. He seemed to have a peculiar aptitude in the picking up of clever trotters, which, to the eyes of this generality of sportsmen, to real trotting points, and to develop their powers and so demonstrate the correctness of his judgment. I understand that his brother, who owns the stable of his late brother, intends offering them for sale. The stable contains the Orillia Queen and Toronto Girl, two very fast animals, mated and thoroughly in gait, temper, size, speed and color. They are trumps, and American speculators will doubtless be over here after them ere long."

TROTTING IN CANADA.—A somewhat peculiar trotting contest took place on the Carleton Course, near Toronto, C. W., on Nov. 30th. The competitors were Hoolane's g g Scott's bl m, Bird's blk g Rattler, and Archibald Fisher's b m Nellie Moore. It was for a purse of $100 aplece, and the conditions of handicap measured by different lengths of weight. Nellie was the favorite before the start, but she was nowhere in the race. She was placed 100 yards in the rear of the score, Rattler on the same, and the other two level and 100 yards in front of the score. They got off on each heat at the crack of a pistol, and after a very close struggle between Flanagan and Bird's animals, the former won the race by getting the second, third and fifth heats. Rattler got in the other two. There was no time taken. Though the weather was cold the attendance was good.

KINGFISHER IN TRAINING AGAIN.—Mr. Belmont is determined to see if his $15,000 purchase, Kingfisher, will stand another training preparation, so as to appear on the turf next season. With this view, the son of Lexington and Kitham Lass will be sent to Anthony Tayler, at Jerome Park, who was so successful in betraying around all right Judge Curtis last year, after he was supposed to have been hopelessly broken down, and who subsequently won his best and fastest races.

BASE BALL.

THE MUTUAL CLUB AND THEIR NINE FOR 1872.

The Mutual Club are busily engaged in preparing for the season of 1872, and one lesson they seem to have profited by is that which taught them the folly of going into a campaign for the whip pennant with only one pitcher at command, they having signed McMullin as their regular pitcher, and Ann Brainard as their change pitcher and second baseman, two selections which do credit to their judgment. Start is again to take charge of the first base, Pearce at the short field; O. Mills is to catch—as is just the man for Brainard's regular delivery—and Hatfield will cover the ground at left field. Ferguson proposes to take charge of the Star nine, Higham has been engaged by the Baltimore Club, and Wolters has been offered an engagement from the west. The Mutual team is not complete yet, but it will be a very strong nine if all the players they propose engaging are secured. The club will play on the Union grounds, and the nine will be under the financial charge of Mr. Davidson.

The championship record of the Mutual Club shows the following list of regular games played:

	Mutuals.	Opp.
May 18th, Mutual vs. Haymakers, at Troy	14	5
May 25th, Mutual vs. Haymakers, at Brooklyn	10	25
June 1st, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	7	3
June 8th, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	8	5
June 14th, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	13	3
June 17th, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	9	3
June 19th, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Brooklyn	10	6
June 20th, Mutual vs. Athletic at Philadelphia	8	6
June 22d, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	12	4
June 26th, Mutual vs. Keklongs, at Brooklyn	3	5
June 28th, Mutual vs. Keklongs, at Brooklyn	15	9
June 29th, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	9	3
July 3d, Mutual vs. Haymakers, at Troy	16	37
July 6th, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Brooklyn	5	6
July 10th, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Washington	13	16
July 13th, Mutual vs. Haymakers, at Brooklyn	7	9
July 17th, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	16	9
July 20th, Mutual vs. Keklongs, at Fort Wayne	12	17
July 25th, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4	18
July 31st, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Rockford	5	18
Aug. 1st, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4	15
Aug. 2d, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	10	9
Aug. 21st, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	6	5
Aug. 22d, Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	15	11
Aug. 28th, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	4	6
Sept. 2d, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	3	9
Sept. 4th, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	18	7
Sept. 6th, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Brooklyn	11	8
Sept. 12th, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Brooklyn	5	7
Sept. 16th, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	7	9
Sept. 22d, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	12	3
Oct. 4th, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	10	13
Oct. 16th, *Mutual vs. Eckfords, at Boston	7	9
Oct. 18th, *Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	7	21
Mutual vs. Keklongs	9	0
Totals	311	323

*Games forfeited.

The following are the averages of the Mutuals in the thirty-three games actually played for the championship during the season of 1871, the games forfeited and the Mutuals not being included in the table. Start, Wolters and Higham take the lead in batting, and Start, Hatfield and Ferguson have an excellent record in fielding.

	Av. B.		No.	Av. P. O.	Av.
	Base Hits to a	No. Men	Tos	to a	to a
Games.	Hits.	Game.	Put Out.	Asst.	Game.	Game.
Start, 1 b.....33	47	1.42	353	83	10.15	0.09
Wolters, p.....32	51	1.59	12	35	0.38	1.13
Higham, r f.....21	32	1.52	45	40	3.25	1.52
Eggler, c f.....33	47	1.42	84	4	2.62	0.12
Smith, 3d b.....34	70	1.35	35	78	3.51	2.07
Hatfield, l f.....33	43	1.27	103	21	3.21	0.65
Pearce, s s.....33	41	1.24	36	114	0.81	3.56
Mills, c.....33	38	1.12	195	18	5.88	0.54
Ferguson, 2d b.33	53	1.60	77	75	2.42	2.24
Patterson, r f..32	31	0.96	40	8	1.29	0.25
33	893	11.90	883	387	36.62	11.9

The re-organization of the Mutuals and the promised introduction of a new Chicago nine will greatly add to the interest in the campaign of 1873. The list of professional nines now organized, or nearly so, for 1872 includes the Athletic, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Haymakers and Mutuals. Add to these the Chicago, Rockford, Rockford and new Brooklyn nine, and the list will include as many as in 1871.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR ASSOCIATION.—This association will hold its first annual convention on Wednesday, Dec. 13th, at Masonic Hall, in this city, from which a general appearance is not unlikely to be a large attendance of delegates from the amateur clubs, no other being admitted to membership. Clubs desirous of representation should bear in mind the fact that in order to be represented they must be in active existence; that is, can apply or this by name, but an organization that has actively participated in the contests of the past season. No more such representation will be allowed as that which has characterized the many base ball conventions of late years, viz, that of having delegates from clubs which have no real existence, simply to give a voting power to some one organization which desires to control the vote of the convention. Vote by proxy is prohibited, and the rule that no base ballists will long exist that admits of it. Each club that is represented by delegates, whether by one or three, is entitled to two votes; but no club can have a vote which does not send a delegate, and such delegate must be a member of the club he represents. The principal business of the convention will be to revise the playing rules of the game in such form as may be acceptable by the Professional Association, which meets in convention in March next. The president of the Amateur Association is H. M. Bush, of the Hazard Club, and the first vice president is Mr. H. Jewell, of the Excelsior Club. The secretary is Mr. J. M. Uhthoff, of the Pastime Club, of Baltimore, and the chairman of the committee of rules is Mr. John Sterling, of the Star Club. Delegates can procure copies of the convention book at Peck & Snyder's, 126 Nassau street, on the morning of the convention.

LETTERS FOR PROFESSIONALS.—We have letters for Mr. Davidson, of the Mutual Club, and for W. Fisher, the pitcher of the Rockford nine.

SKATING.

SKATING CHALLENGE FROM FISHER.

Now that the advance of the wintry monarch has been heralded by blustering nor'westers, and the proprietors of our skating resorts are busy preparing for prospective carnivals during his reign, those who have a passion for the art skatorial are getting ready to enter with zest upon the campaign. Experts are looking forward to the decking of their brows with fresh laurels, too, and first to come to the front is the well known New York skater, E. H. Fisher, who sends us the following bold challenge, accompanied by twenty-five dollars in green paper:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 1st, 1871.

MR. FRANK QUIRK.—DEAR SIR.—I herewith deposit $25 in your hands, to make a match with any of the following skaters:—I herewith challenge R. O. Williams, Bishop (alias Frank Quirk), "Champion of America," to skate me a match for a medal, either in New York or Brooklyn, he suiting his convenience as to place; match to be skated about the 1st of February next. I will make a match with Mr. James C. Mead, for a medal, and I will give him *three points*, also the privilege of skating *all the sections* after me, (which every skater knows is big odds), giving him the benefit of my memory and style of execution. I think if Mr. Mead will do so he has only ambition was to skate Curtis, the "champion," who is known to be "Nonpareil,") has any pretentions to be a skater, he cannot refuse to make a match under these unprecedented terms. I am told that the "Skating King," Jno. Hogan, Jr., would like to skate me once more. If so, I shall be happy to accommodate him. Put up, John. Should Mr. F. A. Hyland's wish to skate the match which was postponed last winter, owing to the inclemency of the weather, I shall be pleased to hear from him. I would like to skate for a $50 medal and the championship of the city. All or any of these matches to be judged by the Revised Rules of the American Skating Congress. My deposit will remain in your hands for two weeks. I hope if any of these gentlemen wish to skate they will show up promptly. Respectfully yours, E. H. FISHER,
Champion Skater of New York.

SKATING AND CURLING.

Thanksgiving day suddenly inaugurated skating in the metropolis and vicinity, the severe cold weather of Wednesday and Thursday having coated the various ponds with ice varying from two to four inches in thickness. Unluckily the blustering norwester which accompanied Jack Frost in his attack on New York, broke up the ice in the most exposed ponds, and consequently there was no chance for skating offered in the Central Park ponds. In Brooklyn, however, the large Capitoline lake was covered with ice nearly four inches in thickness, the pond having been flooded on Monday in anticipation of the cold spell, and the result was that skating was inaugurated on Nov. 30th.

The same day, too, a portion of the Union pond was open to the skaters of the Eastern district, and the sport was indulged in at both localities to a limited extent, the severe cold and the high wind rendering skating somewhat more of a task than an enjoyable exercise. On Friday and Saturday the wind moderated, and on Saturday there was a large attendance at the Capitoline lake, the ladies flocking there in considerable force.

The Prospect Park lakes in the more protected part of the park were covered with reed, thick ice, but not to an extent sufficient to admit of the ponds being thrown open to the public. Indeed, the large lake, which is exposed to the wind, was only partially frozen.

On Friday and Saturday the extensive pond at Lake View, N. J., on the Erie road, near Paterson, was covered with a clear, glistening surface of thick ice, and not only did the skaters of the vicinity flock to it, but on Saturday the Paterson Curling Club turned out in force for practice, and played a fine game among their members, this being the first curling contest of the season. A match on the lapis between the Paterson and Jersey City clubs, to be played at Lake View as soon as the ice is again in condition, and a fine display of curling may be expected. The Paterson club met on Monday to make arrangements for the regular opening of the season.

On Sunday, 3d, snow set in, and, as it turned to rain at night, followed by foggy weather on Monday, the skating season, which had been so auspiciously inaugurated on Thanksgiving Day, was temporarily interrupted. By the time the next cold spell sets in, the Rinks, as well as the Central and Prospect Park ponds will be in readiness, and by Christmas, no doubt, the skating season will be in full operation.

COCKING.

COCKING MAIN AT SARATOGA.

A main, in which a great deal of interest was manifested, was fought at Saratoga, N. Y., Nov. 28th. Upon that evening a large number of sporting gentlemen, among whom were some whose names have become familiar to the whole country through their success in breeding and training game, congregated to witness what proved to be one of the most interesting mains ever witnessed in northern New York.

First Battle.—This commenced at 10.30 and lasted 39 minutes. It was well contested, and, for the first 30 minutes, it was doubtful which bird would be the victor; but the Ballston bird had a wing broken, and it was at once apparent that there was no hope of his gaining the battle. He was allowed to remain in the ring 10 minutes longer, when he was counted out.

2. This was between two splendid birds of 5 lb 8 oz. The fighting was very heavy with no breathing spells. The Saratoga bird at last drove a spur through the neck of his opponent, killing him almost instantly. Time, 3½ minutes.

3. This was very short, the Ballston bird winning in 55 seconds by killing his opponent.

4. The pluck and endurance displayed by the birds on either side in this fight is rarely equaled. The battle lasted 14 minutes 10 seconds, when the Saratoga bird was declared the winner.

5. This consisted of but a single fly, as the Saratoga bird had a just idea of the danger of playing with edged tools, and no representations on the part of his backers could make him think differently. The battle was, consequently, given to the Ballston bird. Summary: Saratoga, 3; Ballston, 2.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS MATCH.—Last week a forfeit was posted for a match between Bill Young, the eloquent ped., and "Scotty of Philadelphia," to run one hundred yards on Monday, Dec. 18th, Jim Colbert and Bill Fulton to stake $1,000 against $500. The amount posted was $250 to $250, and a meeting took place at Colbert's, 222 Arch street, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, 4th inst., for the purpose of drawing up articles and arranging other preliminaries.

MCINTYRE TO SMITH.—Sometime ago Jim Smith offered, through these columns, to allow W. J. McIntyre a start of 8 miles in 6 and walk him in Boston. The latter this week sends us a letter, accepting the challenge, and agreeing to walk at Boston, according to Jim's proposal, any time from one week to six months after making articles. He says, however, that he will not walk for a less sum than $1,000 a side. He says, also, that the greater the amount Smith agrees to walk for, the more liberal he (McIntyre) will be in regard to allowance of start. Let us hear from Jim.

JIM ADAMS, the veteran walker, who has contended against some of the best men of his day, has been tendered a benefit at the Arcade, Newark avenue, Jersey City, on the evening of Monday, 11th inst., when it is hoped he will have a full house. The entertainment will embrace a little of all sorts—sparring, pedestrianism, singing, dancing, etc.

JOHN C. HOLMES publishes a challenge among the old-fortsmouth to walk a mile for $300 a side.

NORLEY AND FARRANDS.—The single wicket match which was to have been played on Dec. 1st, at Germantown, Philadelphia, between Fred Norley, late professional of the St. George Cricket Club, and Wm. Farrands, professional of the Germantown Club, for $200 a side, was postponed on account of unfavorable weather. It is now fixed to take place on Wednesday, 6th inst., and from the celebrity of the principals as first-class cricket artists, deep interest is felt in its result, as well in New York as in the Quaker City. Norley is now boniface of the ale house, No. 3013 North Front street, Philadelphia.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

	LAST NIGHTS
OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF	LAST NIGHTS
OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF	MR. SOTHERN.
	MR. SOTHERN.
FAREWELL NIGHTS OF	
FAREWELL NIGHTS OF	
	LORD DUNDREARY.
	LORD DUNDREARY.

In order to accommodate the public with extra facilities for obtaining seats, it is respectfully intimated that they may be secured for any of the last nights in advance.

Monday evening, December 18th, after elaborate preparation, will be produced the great spectacle, the

NEW ARTISTS, NEW MUSIC, NEW SCENERY AND NEW WONDERS. BLACK CROOK. 36-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,

514 BROADWAY.

To the profession and all whom it may concern. The undersigned HAS COPYRIGHTED the drama,

CHICAGO,

BEFORE THE FIRE, DURING THE FIRE, AND AFTER THE FIRE!

And also the PANORAMA of the same name, together with al SCENIC AND TABLEAU EFFECTS.

ANY INFRINGEMENT thereon will be immediately dealt with. Parties wishing the right to produce the same outside of New York can address, by letter only. [32-tf] JOSH HART.

BOWERY THEATRE.

MANAGER.....MR. W. B. FRELIGH
ANOTHER NEW DRAMA NOW PERFECTED.

The entirely new drama, entitled

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

dramatized from Mr. Charles Reade's celebrated novel by Mr. G. W. Maddleton, expressly for this theatre, and will be presented with the adjuncts of

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, APPROPRIATE MOUNTINGS, AND POWERFUL DISTRIBUTION OF CHARACTERS.

Preceded by the

HAUNTED CHAMBER. EXTRA NOTICE.

The eminent artiste,

MISS LUCY RUSHTON,

is engaged for a limited period and will shortly appear in her own drama of

RED HANDS.

Due notice of her first appearance. 36-1t

TONY PASTOR'S

OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY.

Engagement with the world-renowned master of minstrelsy, the original representative of the Southern Darkey,

SAM SANFORD.

THE BEST JIG DANSEUSE, ADA STEWART.

THE FAMED DUCTH COMEDIAN, G. S. KNIGHT

A New Sensational Local Drama, called DRINK; OR, PERILS OF CITY LIFE.

TONY PASTOR, HARRY BROWN, DONOHUE, KEANE, MASON, VIOLA CLIFTON, UELIA IFERD, CHARLEY GARDNER, GIRARD SEABERT, &c.

MATINEES TUESDAY AND SATURDAY. 36-1t

P. T. BARNUM'S

MUSEUM, MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.
GREAT FEATURE RINK.
THIRD AVENUE AND SIXTY-THIRD STREET.

P. T. BARNUM.....PROPRIETOR | W. C. COUP.....MANAGER

Open every day and evening from 11 in the morning until 10 at night.

GREAT HIPPODROME PERFORMANCES always commence precisely at 2 and 8, at which time will appear the most magnificent Oriental Pageant ever witnessed in this city.

A CHANGE OF HIPPODROME PERFORMANCES for the week commencing MONDAY, DEC. 4th.

First appearance of the celebrated COOK BROTHERS, from London, the champion Trick Equestrians of the world. Continuous arrival of the rarest and most marvelous excerpts of the whole Animal Kingdom. Unprecedented Success of the Great Exposition. Visited by from 15,000 to 20,000 persons daily. Every feature highly meritorious, original and unexceptionable.

Admission to the whole vast aggregation, embracing Seven Superior Exhibitions in one, only 50 cents; children half price; reserved seats, 25 cents extra; children, to reserved seats, 15 cents extra.

All the principal hotels in the city at regular rates. 36-1t

34TH STREET THEATRE,

NEAR THIRD AVENUE.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. W. SMITH.
GRAND SUCCESS.

The above elegant new Theatre opened MONDAY EVENING to a CROWDED HOUSE.

Among the artists engaged are:—EPH HORN, HUGHEY HAGERTY, HARRY LESLIE, GEO. AND WILLIE GUY, LIZETTE MERNARD, MILLIE DEVERE, ANNIE HINDLE, MLLE. LEA, and a host of others, together with a full PANTOMIME COMPANY, forming the LARGEST VARIETY ORGANIZATION IN THE CITY. Artists wishing time address 36-1t WM. W. SMITH, 34th Street Theatre, N. Y.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4TH,
production of the new Local and Sensational Drama, LIFE IN THE STREETS. LIFE IN THE STREETS. LIFE IN THE STREETS. LIFE IN THE STREETS.
EVERY EVENING, AT 8. MATINEE, SATURDAY AT 2.

NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES AND APPOINTMENTS.

In which MISS SUSAN DENIN, MR. J. B. STUDLEY, and full company will appear.

MATINEE PERFORMANCES AT 2 P. M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Boucicault's beautiful drama entitled COLLEEN BAWN. 36-1t

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Twenty-fourth street, near Broadway,
Curtain rises at 8.
DIVORCE.
FOURTEENTH WEEK.

Seats may be secured twelve days in advance.

SIXTEENTH MATINEE OF DIVORCE ON SATURDAY NEXT, AT 1¾ O'CLOCK.

MONDAY, DEC. 11TH, 100TH PERFORMANCE OF DIVORCE. 36-1t

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

MAYO.

MONDAY, DEC. 4TH, AND EVERY EVENING, THIS WEEK AND SATURDAY MATINEE, THE FAVORITE YOUNG ACTOR, MR. FRANK MAYO, who will appear in his celebrated Personation of DA'ARTAGNAN in the great Drama founded on DUMAS' famous romance, called THE THREE GUARDSMEN, supported by a powerful cast.

MISS ADA GRAY (her second appearance in this city) as ANNIE OF AUSTRIA
CARDINAL RICHELIEU (first appearance here).....THOMAS E. MORRIS
ATHOS.....MR. J. F. WHEELOCK
PORTHOS.....MR. C. W. BARRY
GEORGE VILLIERS.....MR. E. F. THORNE

M. W. FISKE, C. T. PARSLOE, J. F. HAGAN, FRED. MARSDEN, J. BRUTONE, &c., W. H. POPE, S. B. DUFFIELD,
LADY DE WINTER.....Miss HENRIETTA OSBORNE
CONSTANCE.....[36-1t].....Miss EMMA CLINE

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,

534 STREET. IMMENSE SUCCESS OF UNCLE EPH'S DREAM.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.	OLD KENTUCKY HOME.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.	OLD KENTUCKY HOME.
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BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.	OLD KENTUCKY HOME.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.	OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

SATURDAY, DEC. 9TH, MATINEE AT TWO. 36-1t*

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street.

R. W. BUTLER.....Manager
THE MOST POPULAR RESORT IN THE CITY.

Always new and sparkling acts, sensations, &c. An extravagant programme this week.

THE PRISMATIC FOUNTAIN (all the colors of the rainbow) of gold and silver, and the GRAND BALLET.

The American star, GUS WILLIAMS.

Re-engagement of the famous Lively Moke, WM. H. ASHCROFT.

DOUGHERTY IN HIS ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

ROLLO HOWARD and CHAS. STURGES.

RAYNOR BROTHERS, RATTLER, WAMBOLD, MYERS and GEO. H. COES, DE ANGELIS, MLLE. GERALDINE and LEOPOLD.

The comic pantomime entitled NICODEMUS.

CLOWN.....MR. B. M. BUTCHER

All the immense company will appear every evening.

Seats secured in advance.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. 36-1t

NEW YORK CIRCUS,

Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.

L. B. LENT.....DIRECTOR

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 1¾.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.

REMARKABLE CENTRALIZATION OF TALENT
THE FOUR BEST RIDERS IN THE WORLD.
FIRST WEEK OF M'LLE CAROLINE ROLLAND,

AN INDEPENDENT VOTER.

"Henry Potter, Henry Potter, will you vote with me to-day?"
Henry Potter leered up mildly, as a voter who should say,
"About what's the compensation that you propose to pay?"

"Henry Potter Henry Potter, there's corruption in the land,
Every voter in New Guinea, this election, firm should stand
In the ranks of the opposers of the daring robber band.

"Here's a dollar, Henry Potter, for your influence in the cause
Of sustaining consciutious and upholding righteous laws.
Must I my a collar m'y?—that's the reason why you pause."

"I've been offered fourteen shillings," Henry Potter then replied,
"All in cash, to vote the ticket on the opposition side,
I'll be blowed if I cut under," Henry Potter calmly cried.

"The corruption at election, Henry Potter, makes me sigh.
I fear the elective franchise soon will go up high and dry.
Here's two dollars, Henry Potter, now then, how is that for high?"

Henry Potter lost the lucre, scanned it closely o'er,
Guess'd seem sold with a bad counterfeit in 1864
Then slowly down right after dinner—I never vote before."

"I'll be down right after dinner—I never vote before."

Long and anxiously I waited. Henry Potter didn't come.
So at length I sought the poll list found he'd voted—and gone home.
And the fourteen shilling fellow stood there, smiling at me some.

A LILY AND A ROSE;

OR,

THE SCHEMER AND HIS VICTIMS.

CHAPTER LII.

FORGIVEN—FORGOTTEN.

The two men stood and looked at each other, and the summer's sun poured through the cottage casement and lit up the pale face of Lord St. Aubyn with a ghastly sadness. His arm was in a sling, and there was a look of illness about his slightly beat frame that was the effect of the fearful encounter in the wood a week ago. Lord St. Aubyn had been speaking, telling in broken accents and quivering voice, the story of the curse that had hung over his life until now, and Leonard Grantley, listening with averted eyes to the fearful story, groaned once or twice as the broken-hearted, penitent nobleman confessed his sad sands, telling even the very words of the curse, but wielding up, broke out into a solemn oath that the assertion of the dying man that he had fired before the word was a mistake.

"Leonard Grantley, I have sinned terribly, but may heaven be my witness that it was not so!" and he hid his face in his hands, and sank upon the sofa in an agony of remorse.

Horrified as he was by the confession, Leonard's heart was wrung at the sight of the strong man's anguish. He turned and looked at the bowed head and iron grey hair, and remembered that though this man had slain his brother, yet he had resisted the temptation to do so, and was filled with sorrow and remorse for the crime done in a fit of passion. What could he do? The two currents were running swiftly, sorrow for his brother's wrongs, gratitude for his regained wife. As he stood silent and motionless, his face clouded and his eyes bent to the ground, Lord St. Aubyn rose and said in a tone that wrung the listener's heart:—

"Ah, you can never—will never forgive. How could you? I will go from your sight for ever!" and he turned to the door. Leonard walked across and held out his hand. Lord St. Aubyn started, his face broke up like snow melted by the sun, and as he held out his quivering hand, he burst into sobs:—

"*You forgive me?*" he cried.

"As God to gives both of you!" said Leonard, in a low voice, his eyes filling with tears. And the two men stood hand clasped in hand. At that moment the door was thrown open with a jerk, and Joseph Bolton burst in. He was in a profound state of perspiration, joy and excitement.

"Leonard, Leonard!" he cried, dancing in and dropping his hat to clasp the artist in his arms, and then, turning round, seized the uninjured hand of St. Aubyn.

Panting for breath, his handkerchief flying from his neck, and his trowsers above his ankles, he gasped out:—

"Oh, my lord! Oh, Leonard, I'm so glad. I'm off my head with joy. Did I ever think things would come round like this? Oh, my lord! you must excuse my excitement, but I'm mad with joy," and he wrung Leonard's hand again.

"This is one of the best friends I have," Leonard said, turning to St. Aubyn with moist eyes. "He has been a friend indeed—in my sore need. He has stuck to me like a brother ever since—he has even snatched me from prison—"

Joseph jumped up from the chair where he had fallen, puffing and mopping himself with a red pocket handkerchief.

"No, no!" he cried. "I didn't do anything of the kind, the merit wasn't mine at all. It was Lord St. Aubyn's standing there. Ah, my lord, it's no use your frowning. I've kept the secret long enough. Why, Leonard, all your pictures, from the first rush off, were purchased with his lordship's money, but he got them cheap though, regular market price, no nonsense! you thank him, not me, he's the friend. I'm nobody, only plain Joseph Bolton," and thoroughly out of breath, plain and red hot Joe Bolton stopped and mopped his brow energetically.

Leonard flushed to the forehead as he listened, and grasped a hand of each of the two men. He could say nothing. Joseph jumped up.

"Here I mustn't be sitting here like an Egyptian mummy, there's no end to say, and I can scarcely do it; I feel literally bursting with joy! Leonard, I'm going down to Rose, you'll let me do as I like, won't you? Well I'm going to do up the manse, Leonard, and make it fit for a prince. You like the place, you love it, you shall have it as beautiful as ever it was. You'll see; you'll see what Joe Bolton can do," and he nodded his head knowingly.

Leonard, still grasping his hand, could say nothing.

"First of all, though, I'm going to see Mrs. Grantley; ah! ah! you start, you dog; you sent her to Mrs. Garton at the little cottage when you found out the truth; but it's really Mrs. Grantley. It's all right, Leonard, it's all right; that scoundrel was a clever man, of course he was, they are all scoundrels, every man Jack of 'em. But you shall be married again if you'll take old Joe's advice, to make all right; you'll see, you'll see!"

Leonard tried to get in a word, but the perspiring man stopped him.

"Don't interrupt me now, Leonard, if you please. I never talked so much in my life nor so fast, and if you don't let me go on, now I'm wound up, there's no knowing what'll happen. What was I saying; oh! I'm going to see Mrs. Grantley and beg her pardon. I'll never say a word against a woman again for her sake, she's an angel" (how Leonard wrung his hand there), "she's the most lovely there, I can't say any more, let me go! Hi, Tim!" as a loud crow echoed in the garden, "bring the trap round! Good bye, Leonard; good bye, my lord!"

"Stop!" cried Leonard, rushing at him and catching him at the door. "Stop, Joseph, you shall do as you like with Dene on one consideration, and that is that you will stay there too," and turning to St. Aubyn, "and Lord St. Aubyn will consent to choose his own apartments there, and promise to occupy them as often as he possibly can?"

"What do you say, my lord?" asked Joseph, "for my part I say 'yes,' for I'm too proud of my Leonard not to jump at the offer. I'll be at Dene, near him and Mrs. Grantley, as often as I can. What do you say, my lord?"

"If it will make them happier, I say 'yes,' too," said Lord St. Aubyn, in a low voice.

"There you are, got it all your own way, Leonard," said Joseph Bolton. "Now let me have mine; I'm off." and away he ran.

* * * * * * * *

Half an hour afterwards Lord St. Aubyn was walking slowly down the meadow by the wood, when he came upon two persons, man and woman. The man was standing talking eagerly, imploringly by the look of his clasped hands; the woman with averted face, upon which a slight flush shone, was listening with tear-lit eyes.

St. Aubyn came up to them and held out his left hand.

"Rose," he said. "Is all forgiven?"

She knew all.

"Yes," she said. "All is forgiven, my lord; I wish you all happiness."

"Rather let me wish it you, Rose," he said gently. "You will not break poor Jim's heart?"

She turned to her eagerly, and cast a grateful glance at the nobleman.

"Oh, Rose, say yes!" pleaded Jim. "I think she won't love me, sir, because I've—I've been so bad, and—and in prison, sir!" said the poor fellow, brokenly.

The pale face flushed and the small hands clung to his broad breast.

"Oh, Jim," she cried. "Do not remember the past! Think what I have been! If you will take me, I will love you!"

And she burst into tears. The man sobbed too as he caught her in his arms.

"You are a good gentleman, my lord," he said. "May you and Mr. Leonard, God bless him, be as happy as you deserve!"

CHAPTER LIII.

REWARD—REPARATION—RESTITUTION.

There is the ringing of laughter and the hum of many glad voices. Let us peep through the blossoming hedge that hides the cottage garden from the road, and watch the merrymakers. First, there comes before us two forms; we know them; Leonard and Lillian. See how she clings to his arm, and notice how he looks down into her eyes, covertly kissing her hair while he fixes a rose in it's shining coils.

"Leonard, you are spoiling my hair!" she murmurs, shyly, looking up at him with a glance of love and pride. He bends and kisses her.

"Spoiling your hair, darling!" he murmurs back. "Spoiling you altogether. Hark, hear how they shout. Good fellows, I love them all. I would have the whole world happy to-day, Lilian; I am so happy myself."

"And I am wicked," she says. "for I am satisfied if you are happy. I care for no one else—ah, stay, though," she cries, suddenly clinging to his arm, but turning a little. "I care for these," and she holds out her hands to two coming towards them.

Like herself the woman is garbed in white, and wears a bridal veil not unlike her own; her face is smiling, but through tears and pale.

"Ah, Rose, and you, Jim!" says Leonard, turning with a glad welcome. "Are you ready?"

"I am quite, sir," replies Jim, with a grave gladness.

"And you, Rose?" whispers Lillian, bending her lovely face to wards the pale one.

"Yes," is the whispered answer, with a quiet and peaceful smile. "I am ready," and the two fair women, clinging like tender flowers to stately elms, are led down the rose edged path and across the meadow, to where the church spire shone brightly in the sunlight.

And a small crowd of country peasants, with hard, grinning faces and lusty throats, cheer until the echoes ring through the wood, up hill and down dale, and die away but to ring out again as Leonard Grantley turns at the church door and acknowledges their cheers with a kindly smile. Inside the church a group stands waiting, bedecked in gay costume. There is Mr. Wooley Bob and Mrs. Woolley Bob, and Joseph Bolton and Tim, and—yes, by Jove! smuggled under Tim's capacious pocket, and threatening a "Caw!" every moment, is Scratch—and at the other side stands a tall, grave looking gentleman, whose arm is in a sling, but whose face wears a calm, happy smile, as he bends to speak to Mrs. Garton, the lady in deep mourning. And now the clergyman, smiling benignly, commences to forge the iron bonds that are to bind the four happy souls kneeling before him into two; and as he, tripping through the service with a musical grace, asks who gives this woman away, the tall gentleman, Lord St. Aubyn, steps forward, and, with his grave voice, replies:—

"I do!" And on the other side a bald headed old man, with a jovial countenance and blue eyes, that sparkle with delight (and confusion), comes forward with a hearty smile and says:—

"I do, Joseph Bolton, your reverence," and so the brides are given and taken, and the solemn words, "What God hath joined let no man put asunder," ring out while the glad bells and ring themselves into the hearts of Leonard and Lillian, and Rose and Jim, as they pass through the old church door into the sunshine.

* * * * * * * *

The carriage is rolling on its way, the last slipper has been thrown, and the last cheer floats on the air.

Leonard draws his bride towards him until her lovely head rests against his breast, kissing her hair and lips until her face is flushed.

"Lillian!" he murmurs. "Mine at last! Will you ever leave me again?"

She raises her eyes and throws her white arms round him.

"Never," she whispers, "Never, till death do us part."

And to seal the solemn assertion their lips meet in one long, long kiss that leaves her breathless and panting in the arms that are to guard her through the remainder of the journey of life.

* * * * * * * *

Do you want to see the happiest family in the world? Go to Dene Hall; you'll find there Mr. and Mrs. Grantley, the admiration and delight of the country, and the fashionable talk of Tun. There too can be see always the droll-est Juckda w and the most comical red headed boy going, and very often their master, jovial, good natured Joe, who has kept his promise, and with St. Aubyn spends most of his time with their beloved Leonard and Lillian. There, walking in the grounds among the flowers you will see an old lady dressed in deep mourning, but with a calm, serenely smiling face. The village children love that old lady with all their hearts and souls, and will tell you, if you ask her name, that it is "good Mrs. Garton." Even at the lodge you will find some old friends, for there Jim and Rose have safe harbourage at last. Rose would have stayed away from Dene had she been able at first, but Mr. Leonard, to whose will everybody bows with love and respect, insisted upon the happy couple living at the Lodge at Dene, saying, with his grave smile, that his bouquet would not be complete if the Lily and the Rose were far apart.

THE END.

"ROMEO AND JULIET,"

AND

HOW IT WAS PLAYED BY AMATEURS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY EPHRAIM KNUX.

Mrs. Quisby, one of our neighbors, the other night gave a select (don't forget that) party of ladies and gentlemen an entertainment in the shape of amateur theatricals. About two weeks before it came off Mrs. Qui by asked Mrs. Knux if she wouldn't try and coax me to lend her my assistance. My wife's word being law with me, of course I assented. Now I know about as much of the ricals as the countryman who went in a theatre before the curtain rose, and staring at the curtain intently for some minutes, came out and remarked to a friend that he be darned if he could see much in a theatre, a lot of people looking at a big curtain with lamps in front of it; for his part by gosh, he would never spend another dollar to go in a theatre again. As I said before, I promised, and was bound to see it through. Now, I was acquainted with an individual who was a actor at a theatre. I afterwards found out that his acting was in the first of May line—that is, moving the furniture off and on the stage, and also at times acting as undertaker for the theatre, by carrying off the dead, and very useful at other times; his versatility was great. If his acting was coeval with his performance at the bar of public—gin mills, he was "heavy." He was one of those mild individuals who create a famine in eating saloons, or who are useful in making a boarding-house mistress look sick.

De Courcy was his name, but if ever plain Smith was written in a man's face, it was in his. I always called him De, for my French was not the best. I hunted up De, and found him in a lager bier saloon, regaling himself with Switzer kase and "sch" luxuries; he was terrifying some small boys by quoting Shakespeare; the crumbs were spluttering out of his mouth in a double sense—crumbs of bread and crumbs of wisdom. I gently tapped him on the shoulder; he jumped back, then bounded to my side, put one hand in mine and another on my shoulder, and said:—"Ha, my kind friend, how fares it with thee?" I replied. "Pretty well." Then quoth he, "Thy looks belie thee." I asked him not to use such high flown language. "I'm poor, my friend," continued I, "but of honest parentage; I pray thee to drap just a little." He answered me, in sublime language, "Have a drink" says I. "Will I, rocks," he replied; "can a duck swim?"

I never saw a man drop into such plain English so quick in all my life. De called for brandy, filled the tumbler so full that when he went to drink it required some dexterity to convey it to his mouth to avoid spilling the liquor. After imbibing, I explained my business to him, and asked if he would help me, and I would make it all right.

"I suppose there will be some trouble for you to get excused from the theatre." He looked at me askance, and seeing that I meant what I said, he replied:—

"Oh yes, it will be very hard for me to get excused, as it is almost impossible for them to get along without me, but I guess I can fix it; fifty dollars will be the order for my services."

"Ain't that rather steep?" says I.

"Steep?" he shouted out. "You insult me; if you were to see me play Don Ferando in the 'Bloody Pirate' you'd change your mind."

"I have no doubt," said I, "but that was very steep."

I explained to him that I wished him to act only as stage manager, so he promised to meet me next week and fix up a stage in the back parlor. After another smile, as he said to create an appetite, we bade each other good bye.

According to promise, De met me, as appointed, at Quisby House, so as to arrange details for the occasion. Of course, being amateurs, our choice fell upon a play requiring the most talent, and that choice was "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Quisby, a very pretty woman, was to play Juliet, and Quisby, Romeo. I reasoned with Quisby to try and reduce his weight a little as he was built out for the part, but one night as well talk to the winds. Quisby weighs nearly three hundred pounds—and the idea of such obesity being a graceful Romeo! Mrs. Quisby also argued with him, and said that I would make a good Romeo, (I never thought that woman had so much discernment).

Says I, "Look here, Quisby, in the play you have to leap over a garden wall; you'll smash the stage and bring down the house."

"Well," says Quisby, "ain't bringing down a house a good thing, in theatrical parlance?"

"I mean," says I, "you'll bring down your own house."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Quisby, "we can get the carpenter to brace up the scenes well, have a step ladder covered with stage-cover cloth to represent a rock, with steps carved out on it."

I groaned and said no more. Another gentleman who had a good voice (in his own opinion), wanted me to cast him so that he could sing "Tommy Dodd." (I cast him out in a hurry.) The ignorance of some people is too much. The gentleman cast for Mercutio had a voice resembling a mouse squeaking when in a cat's mouth, and to crown all he offered me his services in engaging a clog dancer. Candor compels me to say that this last offer was refused with scorn, but it struck a right chord. Of this more anon.

I was to act as the Apothecary; nature having built me on a bean pole model, I suited the character very well. As I was to be stage manager and factotum in general, my abilities would be wanted most of the time behind the scenes, so I had to be contented with a small part. I told Ruin (my wife) that night that I would make a good Romeo.

"I won't have it," replied she, "do you suppose I could stand by and see you making love to that smirking Mrs. Quisby? No, sir; you don't play Romeo to any woman but me." (I confessed to myself that this was the main attraction the character had in my eyes.)

Out of revenge I had my wife cast as the Nurse. I told her that she would be dressed in a disgraceful manner. De Courcy and myself had a long consultation about building the stage. Quisby's house had very large parlors, so we decided to use half of the back parlor for a stage; back of the parlor was an extension, which was to be used for a dressing room for the ladies; the gentlemen had to get along the best way they could. We got a lot of wooden horses, such as carpenters use, and on them placed boards and the front part of the stage was the stage with green cloth, which would do for carpet in an interior scene, and exterior for grass. I hinted to De, that to the time of the Capulets and the Montagues such a thing as carpets was unknown.

"Well, what difference does it make?" answered De. "If they didn't have carpets in those days, more fools they."

"This argument was unanswerable. We had two sets of scenery painted, one for interior and one for exterior, leaving a great deal to the imagination of the audience. The front part of the stage floor was firm enough as far as the carpet extended, but back of that, if a heavy man—I don't mean in a theatrical sense, but heavy averdupois weight—should step on the end of a board, he would be apt to upset stage, scenery and all; so warning was given to all to keep away from that particular corner. Every character had been filled, and all were studying for dear life.

The eventful night came, and everything looked lovely for a hit, to use De's words, the audience filed in, and filled the place to the dome (this by De), before the curtain rose. I had been scene shifter, carpenter, gas man; in fact, if utility was ever well played, it was that night by me. I was also prompter, and took a final look to see that everything was right, and then gave the order to ring up the curtain.

Talk about healthy Romeos! Quisby beat the deck. Cadaverous was no name for it. By the way, Cleagnous Romeo was a name that stuck to him for many a day. The Juliet was very pretty, and played the character with a good deal of feeling. I spoke before revenging myself by having my wife cast as nurse. I convinced her (backed up by De Courcy, whose word was law with all) that the character should be dressed up as a girl of the period; it was rich to see her; imagine Mercutio making fun of a girl of the period; she was without doubt the sensation of the evening, in fact, a decided hit. Some of the audience thought, on her appearance, that a clog dancer was introduced to teach Romeo the art of jigging. I went at an expense of five dollars to buy her a new pair of clog shoes.

Things went along smoothly till Mercutio and Tybalt had their fencing scene; now neither of these gentlemen possessed any skill in the use of swords, and the consequence was that Tybalt came nearly being made a cold "corpus." As it was, he was pinked in the side, and the two gentlemen, after the curtain went down, commenced a war of words and adjourned to the back yard to have it out in regular orthodox prize ring style. Tybalt appeared for the rest of the evening with his eyes dressed in the highest style of the art. I had put on a woman's calico dress to preserve my costume from dust, etc. While hunting up the character between one of the acts, I went into the ladies' dressing-room. Nobody was there except a young lady who was cast as one of the pages; the young lady seeing me, took me for the Hibernian damsel (who had been engaged for the occasion as dresser), and said "Mary, come here and fix my tights." I knelt down to hide my face, and commenced arranging her costume (she had an exquisite figure). While I was endeavoring to get the tights to set well, she exclaimed in a tart voice, "Bah, what's the matter, Mary? You are as nervous as an old cat (I wonder what man wouldn't be nervous under the same circumstances). If John was here," she continued, "he could fix them." Happy John, thought I. I happened to look up, and confusion seize me (which it did at the time I assure you) if my angelic wife wasn't standing in the doorway, witnessing my operations; the look of Diana when surprised at her bathing was meekness itself to the black thunder clouds that rested on my wife's face.

"How dare you," she hissed out.

"To jump to my feet and rush from the room was the work of a moment. I kept myself out of her sight as much as possible for the remainder of the evening. When the love scene in the garden was to take place, I had a step-ladder raised against the back of the scene for Quisby's accommodation.

"Quisby," said I, as he was preparing to go on the stage, "when you take your leave of Juliet, and rush over the wall, for goodness sake, be careful."

"Don't be afraid of me, old boy; I could jump over a clothes line ten feet high without touching anything" (the assurance of that man was sickening).

Quisby got over the wall all right, and was pouring out his soul to Julie in the best style of the art. I was with my prompter's book at side where Juliet's abode was supposed to be, but my duties were light, as both were down on the "Q" in their parts. Thinking this was the time to prepare for a little nourishment, I had got out little tommy-tit of Quisby's olive branch—[illegible]—to go and fetch me a quart of [illegible] my throat was dry as a lime kiln. I told Tommy before he went out to put on a coat, so as to hide his costume; but the temptation to show himself off to his companions outside was too much, and when he returned with the beer he fetched about twenty of his chosen chums, and I had to make several raids on them to drive them off the premises. I had the can of beer in my hands when Quisby started to make his exit.

"Quisby," I said, *sotto voce*, "be careful." He made a rush and got to the top and was making his exit with great *eclat*; in the meanwhile Tommy, the odious little wretch, in revenge for my treatment of his chums, had removed the step ladder from the back, and Quisby, in his anxiety to get over with grace and quickness, never noticed the absence of the ladder; down he went with the irresistible power of a pile driver. I was just on the point of taking a drink, when *presto*, down went the scenes and half the stage, making me turn an involuntary somersault, and the scenes falling, left me exposed to the audience. Right in the front row of seats was the president of the temperance association, of which I had the honor of being treasurer. He saw the can in my hand and the beer scattered in all directions, and a look of pious horror passed over his face, while I stared at him, dumbfounded with the work of destruction. The rest of the audience screamed with laughter. I collected my wits, went out and consulted with De. We found it impossible to go on with the play, and I apologized to the audience. I was received with a shout of laughter, and I made a precipitate retreat. I looked into a glass to see their cause of merriment; my face had been chalked all over, and between the stains of the beer (which, alas! I didn't drink), dust and the dripping perspiration, I looked between no Indian in full war paint and a coal heaver. This was the *finale* of our play. I have summed up the results, as far as I am concerned, and they are:—Out of pocket some fifty dollars; a battle royal with my wife about the pretty girl, and also dressing her up in such an absurd manner; some kind friend had informed her of the latter fact; expelled and disgraced from the temperance lodge; had a fight with Quisby, who was inclined to lay the whole blame on my shoulders; added insult to injury by hinting that I was drunk; made him worse by telling him that before he plays Romeo again he would have to go in training, follow the Banting system and reduce his weight, or else the stage he played upon would have to be braced with iron braces; made him furious by saying that he was fitted by nature for the character of Falstaff.

My wife will on no account drop my adventure in the dressing-room. When we have a dispute it is always ended by her throwing that up in my face. I was bruised and sore for a month afterwards from the hurt I received from the falling scenery and boards. In conclusion if there is any man who is tired of living in this vale of tears, let him come to me and talk about amateur theatricals; he can be accommodated, and his heirs will rejoice. No more for me.

MYSELF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WALDORF H. PHILLIPS.

I never swear, I never cuss;
I never growl or make a fuss;
I always take things as they come;
I'm sometimes deaf, and sometimes dumb;
I never lie, I never scorn
A man because his coat is torn;
I never quarrel with my wife—
Because, you see, *I'm fond of life!*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

T. D. RICE—"JIM CROW."

The subject of our sketch was born in New York city, May 20th, 1808. He was apprenticed to a carver in early life, and entered the theatrical profession as a supernumerary at the Park theatre, in this city, about 1822, which he found more in consonance with his tastes. In 1828 he was at the Lafayette Theatre, and after engaged with Noah Ludlow's company, traveling in Kentucky. In 1830, while playing an engagement in Cincinnati, O., he heard a negro stage driver sing in unmistakable dialect the following refrain of a song:—

"Turn about, an' wheel about, an' do jis so,
An' ebery time I turn about I jump Jim Crow."

He was so struck by the peculiarities of the performance, so unique in manner and with the character developed in its delivery, that his attention was immediately attracted. Immediately he raised the question to himself why might not "Jim Crow" in a black face and with the negro dialect please an audience as well as an Irish character with his stuffed stick and red nose? As he possessed rare powers of imitation, with the thought came the determination to give it a trial. The casual hearing of this song made the name of the subject of our sketch, then an obscure actor, famous in both hemispheres. At the engagement at Cincinnati was about ending, he resolved to postpone his public test of the performance until he consummated a new engagement, whereby he might derive greater emolument in case of success. In the autumn of 1830 he was engaged at the old theatre in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Fifth street (now called Fifth avenue) near Wood street, and it was while playing here that he gave his first public performance of "Jim Crow." There was a negro at Griffith's Hotel on Wood street, named Cuff, who earned a precarious subsistence by allowing boys to pitch pennies into his open mouth at a distance of three paces, also in carrying trunks for passengers from the steamboats to the hotels. Slight persuasion upon Mr. Rice's part induced Cuff to accompany him to the theatre, where he was quietly ensconced behind the scenes. After the play was over, Rice, having shaved his countenance to the "colored band" line, ordered Cuff to disrobe, and proceeded to invest himself in the cast off apparel. When the arrangements were complete, the bell rang, and Rice, habited in the old coat folornly dilapidated, with a pair of shoes equally of patches and pieces for patches, on his feet, and wearing a coarse straw hat, in a melancholy condition of rent and collapse over a dense black wig of matted moss, waddled into view, and the funny apparition produced an instant effect. The crash of peanuts ceased in the pit, and through the circles passed a murmur and a bustle of liveliest expectation. The orchestra opened with a short prelude, and to its accompaniment Rice began to sing, delivering the first line by way of introductory recitative:—

"O, Jim Crow's come to town, as you all must know,
An' he wheel about, he turn about, he do jis so,
An' ebery time he wheel about he jump Jim Crow."

The effect was electric. Such a thunder of applause as followed was never heard before within the shell of that old theatre. With each succeeding couplet and re rain the uproar was renewed, until presently, when the performer, gathering courage from the favorable temper of his audience, ventured to improvise matter for his ditches from familiarly known local incidents, the demonstrations were deafening. Now it happened that Cuff, who meanwhile was crouching *en dishabille* under concealment of a projecting flat behind the performer, by some means received intelligence, at this point, of the near approach of a steamer to the Monongahela wharf. Between human and others of his color in the same line of business, and especially as regarded a certain formidable competitor called Ginger, there existed an active rivalry in the baggage-carrying business. For Cuff to allow Ginger the advantage of an undisputed descent upon the luggage of the approaching vessel would be not only to forfeit all "considerations" from the passengers, but, by proving also a lagging in his calling, to stamp a lasting blemish upon his reputation. Literally as he might lend himself to a friend, it could not be done at that sacrifice. After a minute or two of fidgety waiting for the song to end, Cuff's patience could endure no longer, and, cautiously hazarding a glimpse of his profile beyond the edge of the flat, he called in a hurried whisper:—"Massa Rice, Massa Rice, you must save my close! Massa Griffi wants me—steamboat's coming!"

The appeal was fruitless. Massa Rice did not hear it, for a happy hit at an unpopular city functionary had set the audience in a roar in which all other sounds were lost. Waiting some moments longer the restless Cuff, thrusting his visage from under cover into full three-quarter view this time, and again charged upon the singer in the wings, but with more pathetic voice:—"Massa Rice, Massa Rice, you must have my close, Massa Griffi wants me—*steamboat's coming!*" A still more successful couplet brought a still more tempestuous response, and the invocation of the baggage carrier was unheard and unheeded. Driven to desperation, and forgetful in the emergency of every sense of propriety, Cuff, in indecorous haste as he darted from his place and rushed upon the stage, and, laying his hand upon the performer's shoulder, called out excitedly:—"Massa Rice, Massa Rice, gi' me nigga's hat, nigga's coat, nigga's shoes; gi' me nigga's rings! Massa Griffi wants [illegible]—STEAMBOAT'S COMIN'!"

The incident was the touch, in the mirthful experience of that night, that passed endurance. Pit and circles were one mass of such convulsive merriment that it was impossible to proceed in the performance; and the extinguishment of the footlights, the fall of the curtain, and the throwing wide of the doors for exit, indicated that the entertainment was ended.

This is an authentic account of the circumstances under which one of the first works of what has since become a distinctive ar—Negro Minstrelsy—was presented. The next day "Jim Crow" was upon the lips of everybody's tongue; boys whistled it on the street, and essayed it in the parlor, while it was heard in the mart of trade and in the workshops. It was repeated nightly during that season. It has been claimed that Mr. Rice was the first representative in public of this style of performance, but it is erroneous. The earliest intimation we can find in which individual negro business was made on character and met with popularity was in Boston, Mass., Dec. 26th, 1770. At the Federal Street Theatre, in "Orondko; or, the Royal Slave," at the end of the second act, "A Song of the Negro Boy" in charac er was given by Mr. Grawpner, which met with great success. At the Lafaye te Theatre, New York, George W. Dixon, on July 19th, 1828, made his first appearance as a singer of comic songs. He attained considerable notoriety with his "Coal Black Rose" and other negro songs. Mr. Rice made his Ethiopian debut in New York, Sept. 12th, 1833, at the Bowery Theatre, in his song of "Jim Crow," and it is said that he drew more money to the treasury than any other performer in the same period of time. Notwithstanding that others had preceded him, it was reserved for Mr. Rice to naturalise and render this style of performance popular, and in consequence thereof he has been considered the founder and father of Ethiopian minstrelsy. In 1836 he visited London, Eng., and sang, with great applause, at the Surrey and other theatres. His career there was an extraordinary one. He improvised new verses to his song, each gave it an air of freshness each evening. On June 18th, 1837, he married Miss Gladstone, the eldest daughter of Mr. Gladstone, formerly manager of the Surrey Theatre. While in England, in addition to singing "Jim Crow," he acted in a number of Ethiopian plays, among them "Ginger Blue," "Sar mear," etc. On his return from Europe he was eagerly sought after by managers and played a star engagement throughout the country. On Jan. 16th, 1844, he played Uncle Tom in a new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Bowery Theatre, which enjoyed a run of several weeks. In 1855 he was a member of Wood's minstrel company, then located at 561 and 563 Broadway. He was the author of several pieces in which he acted, among them a burlesque opera entitled "Bone Squash," and an extravaganza called "Otello; or, Dar's de Money," both of which achieved great success. Notwithstanding the great popularity that he achieved, it deserved long before his death, and although he had received for his person ances an almost fabulous amount of money, he was dependent upon the charity of friends for some years prior to his demise. In 1845 he suffered from paralysis, when for a time deprived him of his voice and the use of his limbs. In person he was tall and slender, and he assumed the shambling negro gait and plantation dialect with more accuracy, probably, than any other African delineator. He died in New York city, Sept. 19th, 1860, at the age of fifty two years. He was a genial companion, full of fun and anecdote, and generous to a fault; for through the latter trait of his character he was impoverished when old age crept upon him.

A STRANGER TO ADDISON.—The editor of the Addison (N. Y.) *Advertiser* is in receipt of the following from a gentleman, scholar and well wisher:—

"Being a stranger to Addison I came there I dreamed. I dreamt that the Editor of the Addison paper
Did a to heal was sent
to search rejoice & the
heal—ss while & the
Lord—s—s—ed to restore
Sight to Judah."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES AND THE DUKE ON A JAMBOREE.

INT.—Bones, you look rather dull this evening. What's the matter with you?

BONES.—Do I look sleepy, like, as if I didn't hab my nashural rest?

TAMBO.—Yes, you do look dat way, Bones, just like when a feller's been out too airly in de mornin'!

INT.—Yes, there's evidently something wrong with you this evening.

BONES.—Do I look like a man who hab his spendin' too much obenins wid de duke's highness, may be?

INT.—You don't mean to say—

TAMBO.—Bones you hasn't been at de balls, hab you?

BONES.—I nebber diwuks on myself, I dos't; but if me and de duke hasn't had a bully old time, den my name's not Alick Snodgrass.

INT.—Tell us about it, Bones; everybody is anxious to know how the duke conducts himself in private.

TAMBO.—Yes, do, Bonesy.

BONES.—Wasn't-bher a grand duke makes a confidence man ob me, I don't spose'y, now mind dat. If I was like some 'testable niggers dat I know, what don't like a hundred miles or two from what I'm setun' dis present moment, I would tell more'n I know but I aint dat sort ob person. Why, if I was a squealer, I could tell you, boys, easy enuff, how de grand dukeases behave in private life; but if de duke goes to bed wid his toes on dats nuffin to me—I don't squeal: if him and me spent a night in de Ludlem street jail in disguise dat's nobody's business but our own and de jailer's. If me and de grand duke make de grand rounds on de beats ob deary mendaes, I say nuffin; if we chooses to bab a little a cuility wid de gals, and take 'em on our knees, and —— well, what's dat to de people—I want to know.

INT.—But you don't mean to say that the grand duke and you have been so intimate as that, do you?

BONES.—Yes, indeedy, and more'—dat, but I keep shady 'bout sich thins; I nebber blab, no, nebber; may I be strung to de furdest lamp post if nober I pease to blab.

TAMBO.—Was his highness soshli like, Bonesy; did he take his drops like de boys?

BONES.—I keep mum about sich private tings, I do; but if I didn't you'd be surprised when I tell you dat he takes a five finger load, and takes it early and often, at dat.

TAMBO.—Was a stick in it, too, Bonesy?

BONES.—Why it's all stuck what his dukeness takes, and he nebber squirms; but I don't like dem sort ob tings—what's on de Canal sweet plan, oh, no; catch me at dat—oh, no.

INT.—Well, I had no idea that our distinguished guest was such a character.

TAMBO.—And I am likewise expriced at de confidence of de man. If Bones was a blabber like some persons he knows, I guess he could tell a good many tings about de man's bad habits.

BONES.—I bet you, but you know I'm no eavesdropper; I don't go wid a man on a jamboree, and den blow de gaff on him; oh, no, dat's not de way I sail Snodgrass.

INT.—Well, I never thought the son of his father was such a distinguished character.

BONES.—Didn't you, though? Why de long time dey was gittin' here was 'tributed to de dissipated habits of de Grand Duke himself.

INT.—How's that?

BONES.—Why, didn't de captain of de Abreck say dat when he last saw de Juke he was *half seas over?*

INT.—That will do, Bones; but the audience would like to hear your best song about love.

BONES.—Would yer, audience? Well, I don't mind bleegin you on de quiet, mind, by universal request:—

IF EVER I CEASE TO LOVE.

In a house, in a square in a quadrant,
In a street, in a lane in a road,
Turn to the left, on the right hand
You see there my true love's abode.
I go there a scouring and cooing,
To my love—like a dove,
And swearing on my bended knee
If ever I cease to love—
May sheeps' heads grow on apple trees
If ever I cease to love!
If ever I cease to love,
May the moon be turned into green cheese
If ever I cease to love.

She can sing, she can play the piano,
She can jump, she can dance, she can run,
In fact she a modern Taglioni
And Brignoli rolled into one.
And she would not love such a beauty,
Like an angel dropp'd from above?
May I be stung to death with flies
If ever I cease to love.
May our trouser lay down eggs
If ever I cease to love.
If ever I cease to love—
May our little dogs wag their tails in front
If ever I cease to love.

For all the money that's in the bank,
For title of a lord or a duke,
I wouldn't exchange the girl I love.
There's bliss in every look;
To see her dance the polka
I could falm with radiant love.
May the new comet have a hornpipe danes
If ever I cease to love.
May we never have to pay the income tax
If ever I cease to love.
If ever I cease to ove—
May we all turn into cats and dogs,
If ever I cease to love.

May all the seas turn into ink,
May negroes all turn white,
May the President in New York city live,
May we drink too much wine to-night;
May cows lay eggs, may fowls yield milk,
May the elephant dance a waltz,
May wolvers refuse to eat cold meat
If ever I cease to love:
May I be stuffed with sausage meat
If ever I cease to love.
If ever I cease to love—
May each owl maid be blessed with twins
If ever I cease to love.

ONE OF THE OLD TIMES THEATRES.

Below we give a play bill of the Lafayette Theatre, about which the present generation know very little. The grand transformation scene has been developing itself since the days of the Lafayette, and all the old places have given way to the march of improvement, still tending upwards. This theatre was located in Laurence street, between Canal and Grand. It was originally opened, we are informed, as a circus, by Gen. Sanford, of subsequent military repute. It was destroyed by fire a short time after the date of the appended bill, and the site is now covered by a Catholic church. The programme, it will be seen, is quite a novelty, in its way, differing somewhat from the bills of the present day:—

LA FAYETTE THEATRE.
Bot. Sec.: Pit, 25c.
MR. SCOTT'S BENEFIT.
"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot"
A GRAND CARNIVAL AND A FANCY BALL.

MR. SCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public that his benefit will take place
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1829.
When, at the solicitation of his friends, he will present them the celebrated play of
THE ROBBERS,
together with a Fancy Ball and Carnival. Mr. S. assures those who may honor him with their presence that everything shall be conducted with the strictest propriety, and nothing shall be wanting on his part to make the evening's entertainments both novel and interesting.
Previous to which the tragedy of
THE ROBBERS.

Charles De Moor	Mr. Scott
Francis De Moor	Page
Amelia	Mrs. Green

After which the ball will commence with
A GRAND PAS SEUL, BY MRS. MORELAND.

A DRAMATIC COURT SCENE.

MRS. MANSFIELD SUES JAMES FISK.

AFFECTION WITHOUT EFFECT.

One of the most piquant law cases of the period was commenced at the Yorkville Police Court, this city on Saturday, the 25th of November, in which many comic, serio-comic and affecting incidents were elicited by counsel, before a large and interested audience, including a number of prominent individuals on life's stage, as the following particulars will exhibit. Justice Bixby presided as prompter, and Col. James Fisk and Mrs. Mansfield enacted the leading parts, with Messrs. Spencer, Beach, McKeon and Fellows as support. After the judge had taken his seat quite some delay occurred ere the principals made their appearance. Presently entered the complainant,

MRS. MANSFIELD,

accompanied by her cousin, Mrs. Williams, and Mr. E. S. Stokes preceded by the sergeant of the court squad, and assumed seats in front of the bar. Mrs. Mansfield looked extraordinarily handsome, young and vivid, with full, flashing figure, jet hot gross, with deep, large, almond-shaped black eyes, luxuriant purple-black hair, worn in massive coils, tempting mouth, lips not too *pronounced* and yet not insipid, magnificent teeth, clear pearl and pink complexion, oval face, and nose not *retroussé* and yet not straight, with a quiet, ladylike walk and action, sweet, soft voice and winning smile. Dressed as a woman in a dark silk, pounced with deep valenciennes, a flowing silk jacket, beautifully embroidered with white braid, with a plain gold cross to set off the exquisite *contour* of her neck, and a dark green Tyrolese hat falling partially over her fair forehead, surmounted by a waving ostrich feather.

COL. JAMES FISK,

the defendant, entered the court soon after, attired in the simplest and most fastidious fashion, with a short navy jacket, ornamented by a multitude of gold buttons of various sizes and shapes, but all impressed with the magic monogram, "Narragansett Steamship Co." Underneath this garment was a suit of sober black cloth, and in the centre of his black Bond street necktie sparkled Colonel Fisk's immense diamond. The colonel wore dark olive kid-gloves and carried a gold-headed cane.

Mrs. M. A. Williams, the cousin of Mrs. Mansfield, though *distingue* in appearance, possessed but a tithe of the beauty of her fair relative, being a pleasant faced girl, with dark brown hair, arranged in braids, blue eyes and short piquant nose. She was dressed in a dark purple silk, elaborately flounced, a sealskin jacket cut almost to the figure, with Brussels lace collar and jockey hat. Her demeanor was perfectly unconcerned, and no one laughed more heartily at the quips and snarls of the opposing counsel than she. In this respect her cousin, Mrs. Mansfield, though more severely tested, was not far behind-hand.

Mr. E. S. Stokes, the alleged cause of the present bitter Trojan war between Mr. James Meneleus Fisk and the fair Helen, was attired sumptuously in the height of the prevailing fashion. A light cream colored overcoat over a blue diagonal suit, ruffled shirt, large diamond pin, crimped hair, artistically curled mustache and straw-colored kids. Such was Mr. Stokes' costume. He appeared very unconcerned and laughed very heartily.

The legal representatives of the two clients were John McKeon, for Mrs. Mansfield, and Judge Beach, with Chas. Spencer, as *aide de camp* for Col. Fisk, and Col. Fellows for the people. Now was the signal given to open

THE CASE.

Mr. Fellows, in reply to the Judge, saying:—"We are ready to begin this examination on the part of the people," he may proceed with it will depend somewhat on the defence our friends can make. I have caused a notice to be served on the parties in the case for the production of certain papers here this morning.

Mr. Spencer admitted having been so served, but objected to the production of any paper, saying it was charging the defendant with libel and then asking him to produce that libel against himself.

A war of words followed Mr. Spencer's statement by Messrs. Fellows, Beach and McKeon, in reference to the production of said paper, which rather drew out Mr. McKeon's warmth of temper, he having, in the harangue, been charged with the

ABUSE OF COL. FISK.

Mr. McKeon then said:—If I have wandered outside of my professional duty Mr. Fisk can have a chance at me either personally or professionally. I know the risk a man runs who abuses Mr. Fisk. I know that his life even is in danger, but there will come a day when deliverance can be made.

Mr. Spencer—Why, this is a game of bluff.

Mr. McKeon—It is more than a game to me, but I want to show this public that there is a ferocious man among them.

Mr. Spencer—There is always a prologue to every play. This is merely a prologue. The play has not begun yet.

Mr. Beach—I would ask that the court would grant us a body guard.

Mr. Fellows—I must ask the same, too. What is a gentleman of my slender proportions to do between these angry counsel? I had no idea that I should raise such a breeze. I firmly wished to give notice for the production of the original papers that I should not have to offer secondary evidence. It was scarcely necessary for my venerable friend to make all this trouble, and (pointing at Mr. Fisk), look at that unruffled brow; does that look like a persecuted man? I apprehend that James Fisk, Jr., will possess his soul in patience and his brow unruffled if he was called upon to come here from week to week, to continue this case. The gentlemen say they have not this paper that discloses of the whole case; afterward we shall ask leave to introduce secondary evidence; but there has a gentleman come here, Mr. Sweeny, who has evidence which, it seems to us, is not necessary; therefore I do not see the necessity of keeping him longer. Here is an order from court appointing a receiver, to whom Mr. Sweeny gave a package of papers which he never opened, and of whose contents he is therefore ignorant; he gave them to the receiver and he has his receipt. Additional tort and retort went on between the counsel, until at last it was mutually agreed to dispense with Mr. Sweeny's testimony, so that this preamble resulted in a mere waste of words. Mr. McKeon and Beach were brought to terms by Mr. Charles Spencer's good advice, as follows:—What does all this amount to? I would suggest that we get rid of all this blowing at once, and then we shall proceed with the case.

The Court—I suggest that you go on with the evidence. This suggestion was acted upon, and Mr Fellows then called for

MRS. MANSFIELD,

saying, "Pat Josephine Mansfield upon the stand." (Sensation, during which Josie arose from the seat which she occupied, and proceeded briskly into the witness-box, seating herself so that her face fell upon the defendant, from whom she rarely turned her glance until she had fairly stared him out of the court-room.)

As might have been expected, the lady's testimony was earnestly listened to, as it was elicited by Mr. Fellows' questions.

Q. Mrs Mansfield, have you heretofore made an affidavit in this court before this defendant, James Fisk, Jr.? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you please state if that is the affidavit you have made? (Paper handed to the witness, who examined it). A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you please state whether you have had in your employ a person by the name of Richard E. King? A. I have.

Q. In what capacity? A. Man servant.

Q. How long was he in your employ? A. From September until March.

Q. At what time in March? March of this year, do you mean? A. Last March.

Q. At what time in March did he leave your employ? A. I think about the 20th.

Q. Do you know where he went? A. He went to Mr. Fisk.

Q. This defendant? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Please state the circumstances under which he left.

Mr. Spencer—We object. The question is an exceedingly indefinite one. This defendant is charged with the publication of a libel which is stated in the complaint, and the only questions that can be put upon it, as I understand it, are these:—First, has this defendant published the document referred to in the complaint? That must be shown absolutely. Second if he did publish it, were the contents true, and were they published with good motives? Or, third, is the publication a privileged one? I believe those are all the questions that could legitimately come up before this court. I for one am exceedingly averse to going into the private history of the household of the complainant. We have nothing to do with this man King, except in connection with the question whether he has made an affidavit which is untrue; whether he was instructed to make that affidavit with the guilty knowledge of our client. I know that some have expressed a most rich and racy bit of scandal, but I propose to confine this testimony to its legitimate object. This man King has gone, and cannot be questioned as to whether he made this affidavit or she instructed him to do it, and as to the question why King left, I can imagine scores of reasons for leaving. While sitting at dinner he poured some wine upon my dress; I broke a tureen; he was insolent; I had an idea that he was not wedded to my confidence. There are a thousand reasons can be given for the leaving of a servant. Therefore I object to the question.

Mr. Fellows—I shall consult alone my own judgment, referring to the final arbitration of your honor, and as to the order in which I shall put questions in this case, I shall not defer to the judgment of Mr. Spencer, who thinks one order should be observed, while I think another should. As to the various things which the gentleman's prolific imagination may suggest for a servant's leaving, I may take leave to say that we have nothing to do with them.

Mr. Spencer—I have a right to reply. I had no idea of attempting to govern the gentlemen; I doubt whether anybody can do that. I dispute his law: he says your honor is not bound by the same rules because this is a preliminary examination. I do know that the same rules govern here as govern in a court of *nisi prius*. The rule of the law is that the crime must be shown, and then whether there is probable cause for believing it to be true; he has committed that crime. We are not here to preach from that celebrated text, "Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die." The question as to why this lady discharged her servant is the only one before us; consequently I object to it.

WHY DID HE LEAVE?

The Court—The objection is overruled.

Q. Please state the circumstances under which he left? A. He left without any notice whatever. One afternoon I was out riding, and when I returned I found that a clarence had driven up to the door and taken him away; I owed him a month's wages; I was perfectly satisfied with him, and I know nothing of his reason for leaving.

Q. There had been no suggestion that he was to leave? A. None at all.

Q. And he went from your employ to the employment of the defendant?

After some consultation between the different lawyers, Mr. Fellows said:—"The counsel for the defence has very courteously furnished me with a copy of the original affidavit that was made by King and furnished by counsel to the witness, from which he asked a few questions."

KING'S FAMOUS AFFIDAVIT.

Mr. Spencer—May it please your honor, before I ask the witness any questions I propose to read this entire affidavit, of which Mr. Fellows has given us a part. Mr. Spencer then read the affidavit in full:—

Supreme Court.—James Fisk, Jr., against Edward S. Stokes, Helen Josephine Mansfield and others.—City and County of New York, ss.—Richard E. King being duly sworn, says:—I am 22 years of age, and am by occupation a waiter; from about the 18th of October, 1870, to the 20 of March, 1871, I was employed in my said capacity as waiter in the house of Helen Josephine Mansfield and Edward S. Stokes, at 359 West Twenty-third street, in the city of New York; I took the place of John Marshall, who left the employ of the said persons at about the time I went there to the time I left, was the manner in which they proposed to make money out of Mr. Fisk by means of letters from him to said Mansfield, which said she had, and statements by said Mansfield of conversations between Mr. Fisk and herself, by so ling the same to the newspapers or compelling him to pay them money to prevent the same being made public, and that they should get a large amount of money out of him in that way. I waited upon them at table at dinner, and after dinner in the rr room, and heard much of their conversation upon the projects stated in this affidavit; and among other matters said Mansfield said to the said Stokes in my hearing: "I have the letters, and I will give them to you and let you use them to your best advantage, and make all you can out of Mr. Fisk. So you take care of me and I'll take care of you." And I can say under you in this matter; all I wish is just to get satisfaction of that fellow, now the dogs won't look at me. I have to depend on all that you can make, and it worries me to death." Another time she said: "Now, Ed., I have given you the letters; you have got them and they are yours, and now I want you to put them to the best advantage, make all you can and take care of me." He said he would; that he had talked the matter over and knew there was money in it, and he was going right into it heavy. She laughed and said, "Baby for you." He said, "When he finds out this it will make him open his eyes" Then she said:—Then we will lay back and draw the greenbacks. Now, Ed., if we become victorious I will then buy a new carriage at the disposal of my horses and get a new pair and have a jolly time with my raimond and you. But, Ed., what will some person else, your wife, say?" Stokes said, "I was taking with her on account of her money also; she never had me for her's pleasure: I looked at it slightly, and pushed one of his eyes clean out; she raged; she got all to pieces; I used her slightly I did not care." One night about 11.30 o'clock I was called up from sleep in the kitchen by Mrs. Williams who said she wanted me to earn some papers; I said I did not want to earn any paper unless I knew what it was; she said it would not do me any harm. And Mrs Mansfield requests you to earn it." I said, "I don't know what it is." I don't like to earn it." I announced to her that no one was to see it, but she took it from me and would not allow me to read it, and said again, "Mrs Mansfield requests you to sign it, and it won't do you any harm;" I signed it but I don't know what it is, except that I feel as I had come into the house of Mr. Fisk counterfeit; I never would have signed it in the world without reading it, except from the way Mrs Williams talked. I was sure I would be discharged if I did not. One night Mr. Stokes said to me at the table in the presence of Mrs Mansfield and Mrs. Williams, "Richard, have you ever been in court on any occasion?" I said, "No, sir." He said, "You have not?" I replied, "No, sir." He then said, "How much money would you take to swear to lie; would you take $300?" I said, "No, sir." Then he said, "Would you take $1,000; enough you?" I said, "No, sir; I would not take anything; I would not swear to a lie for anything." He left after he found we got one to the point, and found he could not get me to swear to a lie, and said "Well, I believe you." RICHARD E. KING.

Sworn before me, Oct. 30th, '71.

PETER B. HASWARD, Notary Public, New York county.

Mrs. Mansfield was further questioned, when she answered as follows:—Her age was 24 on Dec. 18th; had resided in New York since 1867; having previously resided in Philadelphia. At this age of the examination Col Fisk stated that he might be permitted to leave the court. The permission was granted.

Question by counsel continued:—Have you ever been married? A. Yes, sir.

Q. When and to whom? A. I was married to Frank Lawton; I never before; remained there about five months

Q. Have you any recollection, Mrs. Mansfield, while you were in San Francisco, of Mr. Lawlor placing a pistol at a man's head? A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. Have you any recollection of a pistol being placed at a man's head in your presence? A. I could not tell unless he told me, because I cannot remember.

Q. Are you of the opinion that you cannot recollect the fact of a pistol being placed at a man's head in your presence without my telling you who did it?

A long discussion here ensued between the counsel, when Mr. Spencer put the following question:—Can you not tell me whether in San Francisco a pistol was pointed at a man's head without mentioning the name of the party who pointed it? A. Did you put this question to me?

Q. Yes. A. There was a circumstance of that kind; I have not denied it.

Lengthy testimony then followed in regard to the signing of a check, by a man named Perley, in San Francisco; also about a man named Warren, Mrs. Mansfield's father-in-law, charging him with pointing a pistol at said Perley, and saying he must be about to do all the vile points of which she answered in the negative. After considerable cross-questioning, Mrs. Mansfield stated that she got a private divorce from Lawlor in New York; was born in Boston; was sixteen years of age when leaving it; went to my mother in San Francisco; came on and went to Philadelphia, where Mr. Lawlor left me and went to live with another lady; lived at 1,312 Chestnut street, in Philadelphia; part of the time with my husband, and part of the time at me; came to New York and lived with a lady friend, Mrs. Rynders, since dead; then at 27 Amity street, New York; didn't know a lady named Belle Adams; afterwards removed to 67 Lexington avenue, kept by Mrs. Bishop, and rented a suit of rooms. After this Mr. Fisk got me rooms at the American Club House, corner 7th street and Broadway. First met him at a lady friend's house named Miss Angie Wood. The following pertinent questions were then put as follows:—

Q. Did she also have furnished rooms? A. (Indignantly) No, she didn't have anything of the kind.

Q. Were there other ladies there? A. No.

Q. How often were you there? A. I was never there but on that one occasion; it was on Sunday, and I went to see her, and during the time I was there Mr. Fisk called.

Q. How long did you remain in the place you last mentioned, in the American Club house? A. I stayed there until I went to Jersey City with Mr Fisk.

Q. How long in Jersey City? A. Nine weeks; then went to Boston; stayed two weeks; returned to Clarendon Hotel, and stayed there just long enough to give me time to furnish my house and start in housekeeping.

Mr. Spencer—Oh, we'll talk about your housekeeping presently (laughter.)

Mrs. Mansfield—We then went to 18 West Twenty-fourth, and remained there one year, and then went to the Sherman House, and then to my present residence, 359 West Twenty-third street.

Q. At what period did you make the acquaintance of Mr. Stokes? A. I met him in Philadelphia two years ago this November.

Q. How long before the intimacy—excuse me, the friendship—between yourself and Mr. Fisk terminated did you make the acquaintance of Mr. Stokes? A. From November of one year until the September of the next.

Q. During that time were you keeping this house in Twenty-third street? A. Yes, sir.

Q. During that time was Stokes in the habit of calling at the house? I mean before you and Mr. Fisk had your friendship dissolved? A. Yes, he had been at the house before.

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Mansfield had given up nearly all her letters from Mr. Fisk; had none with her in court.

Q. When you made the acquaintance of Mr. Fisk had you any property? A. A little.

Q. How much? A. Personal or otherwise?

Q. Every way. A. I had some personal property; no real estate.

Q. How much personal property when you first made his acquaintance?

Mr. McKeon—We object.

The Court—I will exclude it unless you show its purpose.

Mr. Spencer—I expect to show that Mr. Fisk found this lady without a dollar; that after lavishing upon her means enough to have satisfied Cleopatra herself, were the appetites of the latter resorted to for the purpose of renewing them, along others this very proceeding. In other words, our defence is that this prosecution has no basis in good faith, no basis in the interests of public justice, no basis in anything good, nothing but an attempt to extort money. And have I not a right to show, if such be the fact, that finding this lady without a collar, and having enriched her—although like most riches obtained in that way, it is rapidly disappearing—that she has had resort to this means to replenish her treasury? Cleopatra—aye, like unto her; for as the Egyptian queen is spoken of by the grandest of poets, "age cannot wither her, nor can custom stale her infinite variety."

The above contains the evidence of the more prominent points although many more questions were asked and answered, which we give in brief:—Received money from Colonel Fisk; paid for my house by successful stock speculations; Mr. Fisk furnished me with about $18,0 0. I should say; I purchased the bonds and loaned the money to Colonel Fisk, and took a receipt from him to purchase my house, because, as he said, the other money he held of mine was so invested that if he touched it then its value probably depended on its value, and he borrowed this money of me; Mr. Fisk paid for the furniture of the house; with a cheerful laugh she acknowledged the ownership of a pair of last steeds, and also acknowledged calling on Messrs Tweed and Sweeny for advice, etc. The court soon after adjourned, to resume on Saturday, Dec. 9th, when, no doubt, an interested full assembly will appear.

BASE BALL.

THE PROFESSIONALS OF 1871.

The next class of fielders we have to refer to are the occupants of the centre field, and this season has witnessed some of the finest play in this position ever seen in the out-field.

First on the alphabetical list comes Allison, of the Forest City nine, of Cleveland; and from the sample of his skill which we have seen in the Cleveland nine games, we are disposed to place him in the front rank as a remarkably fine player. The Cleveland club have retained him for their nine, and they have shown judgment in so doing.

Next to him comes Bird, of the Rockford nine, a strong player, but one we have not seen play sufficiently often to notice all his points. He ranks high, however, in Rockford.

Eggler, of the Mutual nine, has for several seasons been noted for his skill, being a very sure catcher and active fielder as a rong at the bat. He has done faithful service in the Mutual club for the past three seasons, and his record of fly catches is up to the highest figure.

Foley played at centre-field for the Chicago nine, and played well at times, but we have seen him when he was not up to the mark by any means. He is useful in several positions.

Geo. Hall is a very active centre-fielder, and especially strong in making difficult running catches, in doing which he covers a great deal of ground. He is a left handed batsman and a good first base player. He has not many superiors, if any, in the out-field. He is good natured and reliable.

Marshall King played centre-field for the Chicago nine early in the season. He has long been noted for his out-fielding, and there was a time when he and his brother took the lead in taking fly balls in the out-field in the Haymaker nine.

Kelly was the centre-fielder of the Keokuga nine, and he played creditably in a majority of contests, being active in his movements and a very good catcher.

Sensenderfer, of the Athletic nine, ranks as one of the strongest players in the out-field. A more gentlemanly player is not to be found in the whole professional fraternity, the "Count"—as he is called—lending himself upon his deportment. He was so severely injured in the last western tour of the Athletics that he had to cease play for the season. Should he recover his strength and the full use of his limbs the Athletics will do well to retain him, for he possesses considerable judgment in watching the peculiar style of play of his batting opponents; and he is also familiar with Dick McBride's points of play, two essentials to success in the position not always to be had easily.

Shelly played centre field for the Eckford nine last season, and played it well, too, in a majority of the games.

Harry Wright, the centre fielder of the Boston nine, has no superior in the judgment and skill he displays in "headwork" play. Harry is credited with more double plays than any other centre fielder of the professional nines. He is always watching the batsman, and knowing their strong and weak points, he is always on the *qui vive* for catches, and never is found in the same place in the field two innings in succession. Sure catching and long distance throwing are strong points in the play of an outfielder, but watching the pitcher's movements, and judging the style of play of the batsmen, are equally important essentials of success, and it is in this that Harry's strong play is shown. In regard to strict integrity of character, thorough good humor and faithful service, Harry is equally a model professional.

Last on the list, but not the least by any means, comes York, of the Haymaker nine. He is a very strong outfielder, sure on the catch, active in covering a large extent of field, and also an effective batsman. He has done the Haymaker Club faithful service, and they have made a mistake in leaving him off the nine.

BASE BALL IN CHICAGO.

A NEW CLUB.—The Chicago *Republican*, of Nov. 26th, contains an article on base ball matters in that city, which we deem worthy of re publication, if only for the outspoken sentiments in regard to the management of the late Chicago Club. The article is as follows:—

The *Republican* takes an unusual degree of pleasure in announcing that, despite the recent disorganization of the Chicago Base Ball Club, and the previous uncalled for and silly course of its officers and managers in disbanding the old club, a new and more faithful association was seized it is almost certain, after all, to have a first class base ball club in the city next summer. There is no city in America in which the game can number as many enthusiastic admirers and genuine supporters as in Chicago. In the short space which has elapsed since the introduction of first class players here, the sport has come to be looked upon in the light of an indispensable amusement, a sort of necessity to pass pleasure, whose absence is necessary to thousands as that of the Opera House or McVicker's. On "field days" the park was sought for by multitudes whose appreciation of the performance needed no better evidence than the alacrity with which they paid exorbitant rates of admission, and patiently endured the discom ort which very often followed. So far as we know at present, the Chicago Base Ball Club has reaped whatever advantages have accrued to the introduction of professional base ball playing here-bouts. Their recent financial exhibit does not show a very large surplus, when one considers the enormous receipts of the past season and the season before. At another time, perhaps, this paper will speak more fully concerning the management of the Chicago Base Ball Club, and endeavor to show the people who put so much faith in it, where the money went to. There is one thing certain, however, and that is that a club that allows its officers to expend over seven thousand dollars in fitting up a park when three thousand dollars would have accomplished the same amount of work, in a much handsomer and more substantial style, cannot expect to count up very large profits at the close of a season. But perhaps this fact would be made to appear much more plain and had aputable if it were shown that almost all of the financial arrangements of the club were conducted on a similar scale of extravagance. This error will undoubtedly be made at the proper time. The Chicago Base Ball Club had everything in its favor. The rent of its grounds was very low when compared with the benefits derived from its central location, and it had the entire confidence of the lovers of the game in the city. Happily it has gone out of existence. We are going to have a new base ball club and a new nine next summer, however, under a different management. Unlike the last one, it is not to depend altogether upon the presumed respectability of its chief officers for success. The professional department will not cost $25,000, nor shall its beach be that it pays the highest salaries and has the poorest players of any club in the country. The new nine is to be run on strictly economical and honorable principles. There are about a half dozen gentlemen interested in the enterprise. Chief among them is Mr. Thomas Foley, the billiard player, to whom, more than to any other man, the old White Stocking nine owes its organization and success. He will, without doubt, manage the new nine with still greater efficiency, been as he will have it entirely in his own hands. His pass for the future cannot well be improved upon. Instead of paying those preposterous salaries which were in vogue here during the past two seasons, he intends to give just such compensation to the players as the market calls for, and not a dollar more. Just imagine a ball player receiving $7,500 for eight months service? Mr. Foley is now endeavoring to rent an eligible site for a ground, and when he finds a suitable place he will proceed to engage his players. There are a dozen of the best base ball men in the country anxious to come to Chicago A few of our best local amateurs will be in the new nine. It is needless to give any names just at this time, but they are players of undoubted skill, well known to every lover of the game in the west. Mr. Foley desires us to announce that he will or happy to hear from any unengaged member of the old White Stocking nine. Those who have made engagements for the season need not apply.

If Mr. Foley proposes to arrange a new nine let him not forg t to take into consideration the important element of harmony. The mistake in selecting a nine hitherto has been to make mere playing skill the very first, and, in many cases, the only consideration in choosing the men for the nine. Now, it is of little use to get up a nine composed of the very best fielders and batters in the country unless you are first assured that they are reliable men as regards thorough integrity of character, and secondly, that they will work together harmoniously. This latter element of success in a professional nine has hitherto been altogether too much neglected by the Chicago club managers. Harmony was also wanting in the Mutual nine, and especially so in the Eckfords. When the Chicago managers so venture again upon a professional base ball enterprise, it is to be hoped that they will aim to get a club nine rather than a mere picked nine.

THE CALIFORNIA CHAMPIONSHIP.

The third and deciding game of the series for the championship of the Slope Pacific, between the Liberty Club, of San Francisco and the Vallejo Club, was played recently, with the following result:—

Liberty.	O.	R.	Vallejo.	O.	R.
O'Brien c f	1	2	Curren, c	1	1
Wade, 2d b	3	1	White, p	1	1
Miller, 3d b	0	2	Rees, 1st b	1	0
Smithhead, p	0	2	Keaune, 3d b	0	1
Taylor, l f	3	2	Lennon, r f	0	0
Dunn, 1st b	3	2	Stroud, 2d b	0	0
J Kerrigan, s s	3	1	Wynne, l f	0	0
Culen, c	0	0	Markey, s s	0	0
D. Kerrigan, r f	3	0	Hall, c f	0	0
Total	13		Total		3

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	R.
Liberty	3	0	3	0	1	0	4	0	2	—13
Vallejo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	— 3

Fly catches—Cullen, 6, Dunn, 2; J. Kerrigan, 1; Taylor, 1—10. Curren 5; Markey, 2; Lennon, 1; Keaune, 1—9. Scorers—J. J. connolly for the Liberty, and George Graham for the Vallejo Club. Umpire—Eugene Sullivan, of the Vallejo Club. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

EXCELSIOR vs MUTUAL.

These New Orleans nines met on Nov. 23d, at the Fair Grounds, and played an excellent game, the score of which is appended:—

Excelsior.	O.	R.	Mutual.	O.	R.
Toomis, c	1	1	Burmeister, l f	3	2
Long, 1st b	1	3	Zingel, 1st b	4	2
Ferry, 2d b	4	3	Burkhardt, c	3	1
Secor, p	5	0	Sims, s s	3	1
Aleck, r f	3	0	Hernandez, p	4	1
Adams, 3d b	3	1	Elmer, 3d b	3	1
Hyner, c f	3	1	Russell, 1st b	3	1
Harrison, l f	3	2	Conoury, r f	3	1
Fay, s s	0	3	Kayl, 2d b	3	1
Total	17		Total		12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	R.
Excelsior	1	0	4	1	1	3	1	6	0	—17
Mutual	0	1	1	0	0	0	3	1	7	—13

Umpire—F. Ford, of the Pelicans. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.

On the same day the R. E. Lee and Athletic clubs played the first of a championship series, the former scoring 25 to 10; and the R. E. Lee, jr., beat the Comets —score, 23 to 14.

BALL PLAY AT NEW ORLEANS.—On Nov. 26th the following games were played at the Crescent City:—The Crescents defeated the Washingtons; score, 14 to 7. The Lee Stars are vanquished the Pelicans; score, 16 to 6. The Atlantics were beaten by the Athletics; score, 18 to 16. The Baltics dished up the Nationals; score, 42 to 10. The Excelsiors had a hard time of it to beat the Mutuals; score, 29 to 24. The Washingtons beat the Pacific; score, 21 to 8. The Charmers were vanquished by the Capitals; score 24 to 21. The Gaslights were beaten by the Grasshoppers; score, 48 to 18. The Mandevilles beat the Louisianas; score, 16 to 11.

BILLIARDS.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

WILLIAM COOK vs. CYRILLE DION.

For about the twentieth time within the past fifteen years, the minds of the billiard playing fraternity in America are being agitated confidence as to the possibility of the match or against the other nineteen, over a proposed series of matches between the respective players of England and the United States. The appended correspondence, throughout which the subject of gate money is given an undue, if not a suspicious prominence, has already transpired. It opens with a note of inquiry addressed by William Cook, of London, to a friend in this city:—

LONDON, Eng., Monday, Aug. 14th, 1871.

DEAR SIR.—I take the liberty of writing to you to see if I can make any arrangements to play matches in America. I could come almost at any time if the terms suited. viz:—For me to receive my passage out and home, and hotel bills, &c., while in America. If this could be arranged I would play any of the American players at the English game, and give $50 points in 2,000. I do not think I should have any chance with them at the American game, as I have never played with the pocketing cushions, but could not play for money at the English game, could you not arrange with one of the best players to play me at the English game merely as an exhibition of skill? If you have no En.ilish tables in New York, I could easily bring one over. Hoping to hear from you in a few days, I am, sir, yours very truly, W. COOK, Champion of England.

It is asserted that this was answered in behalf of Cyrille Dion, champion billiard player of the United States, as follows:—"He would play Cook a series of matches, at the English, French and American games, on even terms, for $500 a side each game, and, instead of allowing expenses, divide the gate-money." This is to be regretted. Such a proposition is not only opposed to cultured customs in this country, but also in disregard of a well understood rule of the American championship, that which a player cannot do while contending for the American championship, can scarcely do, dignifiedly, while, as the champion, representing this country in an outside match, and therefore we incline to think that Mr. Dion's position in this matter has been carelessly, if not inc rrectly stated. Cook, at all events, appears to have responded in good faith to the proposition to divide the gate-money:—

NEWTON TERRACE, London, W., Oct. 5th, 1871.

DEAR SIR.—I received your letter, and am much obliged for the information you have given me. You say that the American champion would play me at the three games. Now, I think it would be a mistake for me to play at the French game, as I am very bad at it, having only played it twice, but I think it could be a good idea if we could play a match in London of 5,000 points, American games, to play 1,500 or 2,000 points even at each game and add the score of both games together. This would give both of us a chance at our respective games. It would not matter much to me how large the stake was. I would play for £100 a side or if more all right. As to terms, I will take £100 for expenses and half the gate-money, win or lose. * * * If you can make this arrangement I would like you to send me a set of balls and a cue, in order that I may see what they are like. I hope to hear from you again shortly. Yours, &c., W. COOK, Champion of England.

And now comes what purports to be Dion's final answer:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 26th, 1871.

MR. W. COOK.—DEAR SIR.—I have had the proposition contained in your letter of Oct. 5th before Mr. Cyrille Dion, the present billiard champion, and, although he declined to meet you on the terms proposed therein, he has authorized me to make you another offer, which I trust you will find satisfactory. Cyrille Dion will play you three games—the English, American and French—the first two to be played according to the respective rules governing championship matches in this country; and, in addition to an extra inducement for you to play the French game, he is willing to play on any size table you may select, with balls of the same size that are used in King and. Each game to be played for $500, or $100, a side, even up. Or, if you think that he would be receiving too much for the game, Dion will take 500 points in 2,000 at the English game, and concede you the same odds at his game, the French game to be played even. If either of the games suitable to you, he will allow you $750 for expenses and half the gate money at each match. This is the best I can do for you, but should you accept the terms offered, I can promise you a hearty welcome and cordial reception on all sides. Respectfully, ——.

Especially as Cook ought to have much the best of the only game really in dispute (the three-ball) if, as Dion already asserts, it is played with 2 1-6th balls on a 6x12 table, it is thought that the English player will close with the above. A match between the two, if properly negotiated, and played for a stake worthy of an international event of this character, would assuredly attract the attention of both hemispheres. But aside from minor considerations, the cui bono of the matter culminated for this suggestion will prove an obstacle to its success. There appears to be but one opinion regarding it among professional men, and that is unfavorable. Some do not think a genuine match is contemplated, while others think that, even if a genuine match were made, it would fail to draw money to command the confidence of the public. Furthermore, Cook concedes that he cannot cope with Dion at the American game, Dion acknowledges he would be no match for Cook at the English game, and hence the latter would be confined to the three-ball game, and that they propose to play in the slowest, and dullest and stupidest way possible. It is to be hoped that, after a careful consideration of all the objections to the present scheme, the players will square in some outside game, like the three-ball, and adopt decisive styles of play, and agree upon terms that, affording each man a fair chance to win, will lead to a contest worthy of the great reputation of the two men and worthy of the term "international." If some of the existing games of billiards will answer the purpose, one might, it strikes us, be easily invented.

Notes on "BREVITIES," AND MR. REICHELM'S "REVIEW."—No. 6

BY F. B. CURTISS.

PAGE 172.

BREVITIES—Fourth diagram. According to (d) Kt ought to be at K Kt 7, and it is White's move in the position given. But both pieces can not be won in nine moves, for:—

1..R-R8 +	K-B2	4. K-R2	R-B7 +
2..R-R7 +	K-K3	5. K-R3	R-B8
3..R×RP	R-B8 +	6. K-R4, and Black can not win Rook in *four* moves.

PAGE 173.

REVIEW.—Diagram. Announcement is wrong, but Mr. R. errs. *Tu re'a* a forced mate from the diagram in *fifteen* moves. I submit the best variation, which is as follows:—

24..	R-Q P +	32. K-B2	R×R
25..K-Kt3	Q-Kt4 +	33. Q-Q6	Q-Kt8 +
26..K-B3	Q-Kt5 +	34. K-Q2	Q-Q8 +
27..K-K3	Q×P +	35. K-B3	R-B8 +
28..K-Q2	Q×Q Kt P +	36..K-Kt4	R-B4 +
29..K-Q B2	Q-Q B P +	37..K-R5	Q-Q7 +
30..K-Kt sq	R×R +	38..K-R4	Q mates.
31..R-Kt2	Q-Q Kt6 +		

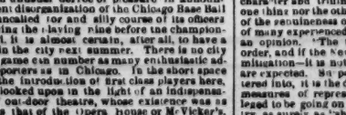
All other moves of White result in mate by or before the 38th move.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 787.

From Zukertort's Sammlung.

BY S. LOYD.

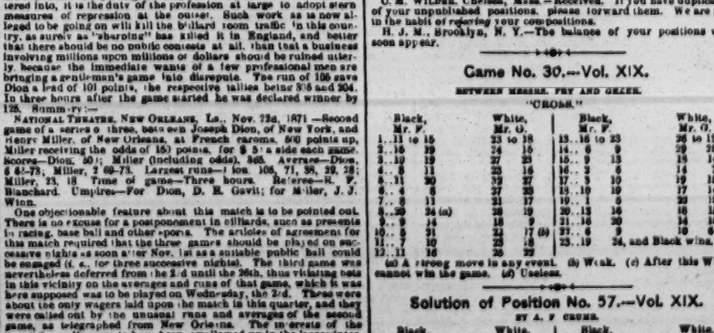


White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 787.

BY A. E. HUGGINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

Game No. 787.

Our contributor, Mr Reichheim, with Mr. Congdon as Messrs. Whiteman and Elson, consulting.

RUY LOPEZ KT.'S GAME.

Attack. Messrs. R. & C.	Defence. Messrs. W. & E.	Attack. Messrs. R. & C.	Defence. Messrs. W. & E.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..Q Kt to B 3	Q B × Kt
2..K Kt B 3	Q Kt B 3	17..K R × B	P-K R 3
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	18..K R-K sq	K-Kt Kt 2
4..B-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	19..P-K R 4	P-K P
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..Q R-B 4	Q R-K sq
6..P-K 5	K Kt-K 5	21..K-Kt 4 +	K-Kt R 2
7..Castles	K B-K 2	22..P-R 4 (best	K × P
8..K Kt × P	K Kt B 4	23..Q-Kt 4	Kt-Kt 4 best
9..Kt-K R 5	Castles (a)	24..Q Kt × Kt	R P × Kt
10..Q B-R 6 (b)	Kt P × B (c)	25..R × P	Q-R K8
11..Q K t +	K-B sq	26..R-K R P +	K-B 3
12..P-K B 4	K-R sq best	27..Q-R Q 4	Q-R Q 3
13..K B × Kt	Q P × B	28..K-Kt 4	Q-R R 3
14..B P × B	Q × Kt3d P	29..K-R 5	Q-R Q 3, and
15..Q × Q	R × Q	The game is drawn.	

(a) Kt × B loses by Kt × P +, and 8 to R 6.
(b) A novelty which turns out to lose a Pawn.
(c) If Defence 10...Kt × P; Attack, B × Kt P.

Smart little specimen of the new Mr. Potter's skill at giving the odds of Q Kt.—*Ed.*

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Mr. Potter.	Mr. Godfrey.	Mr. Potter.	Mr. Godfrey.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..K R to K sq	K Kt to his sq
2..P-Q 3	K B-B 4	13..K B-K 2	P-Q 5
3..P-K B 4	K B × Kt	14..Q B-Q 3	Q Kt-B 3
4..K R × B	P-Q 5	15..P

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

☞ WE HAVE NO TRAVELLING AGENTS, either general or other wise, and any persons so representing themselves are acting fraudulently. All our regular correspondents are supplied with credentials, and we particularly request that no attention be paid to persons presenting their private cards with the words "Correspondent of the New York CLIPPER" attached, as they have no authority therefor.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Allman, Lizzie A. M.
Buell, Mrs. E. C.
Blake, Annie
Berger, Josie
Belmont, Nellie
Berry, Celia
Blando, Edith
Barrett, Pauline
Baker, Sarah A.
Cowell, Anna
Cromwell, Alice
Cushman, Charlotte
Olintop, Lucy
Duncan, Emma
Dargon, Augusta L.
Derton, Pearl
De Courcey, Elise 3c.
Evans, Rose
Eastman, Ada (2)
Gibbons, Annie
Garton, Nellie
Grey, Edwina (3)
Gilbert, Kate
Howard, Adah M.
Harland, Ada
Hunt, Fanny (2)
Hallean, Mad. 3c.
Hall, Mrs. G. T.
Johnston, Mrs. Robt.
Jester, Bessie W.
Little Nell (6)
Lamereaux, Lizzie
Lane, Josephine
Lottie, Mlle
Lopez, Mad.
Lehunt, Jenny
Le Roy, Lizzie (2)
Lyons, Mad.
Leaks, Annie E.
Milburn, Mrs. J. H.
Markham, Pauline
Macy, Mollie
Neville, Emma J.
O'Neil, Hattie
O'Neil, Kathleen
Oliver, Miss E.
Partington, Kate
Porter, Nancy
Richmond, Clair
Riddell, Lisle
Romelli, Cecelia
Singer, Lenie L.
Sanford, Julia
Stanley, Blanche
Sheldon, Ella
Scofield, Imogene
Tannehill, Nellie
Troy, Cassie (3)
Tyson, Katie M.
Thompson, Lydia
Taylor, Nellie
Tracy, Hettie
Teress, Antonine
Whitin, Mrs.
Williams, Louisa
Williams, Annie
Watson, Mrs. Fred.
Ward, Annie
Wallace, Minnie
Worrell, Jennie
Wilkins, Mrs. Sidney
Wallace, Mrs.
Willett, Mazzie
Woodruff Mary
Weber, Lisa

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Author (4)
Armstrong, Hy.
Arizon, Chas.
Allen, Joe
Allen, Billy
Buckholtz, Richd.
Bailey, E. D.
Bartlett, Frank A.
Baker, E. B.
Bennett, Frank
Blitz, Eugene
Bourman, Johnny
Baker, J. H.
Baldwin, S. W. 3c.
Belden, E. P.
Barclay, Fred.
Burke, Bill E.
Burnett, J. F.
Beckett, Harry
Byron, O. D.
Burton, W. C.
Budworth, J. H.
Brougham, John
Bishop, C. B.
Banta, Aaron 15c.
Barnum, P. T.
Bailey, Geo. F.
Brickarten, C.
Callito, Jno.
Chase, Ira W.
Coup, W. C.
Codona, Hy.
Collins, Jas.
Crane, Wm. H.
Cotton, Billy
Corcoran, Jno. Theo.
Dolton & Leener
Coleman, D. W.
Cooper, Jas. H.
Campbell, Jas.
Calder, Wm.
Conklin, Peter
Cohan, Jerry
Collins, Lew & Frank
Columbus, Sig.
Charles, Geo. 3c.
Demott, Jas.
Davis, Chas.
Davenport, P. B.
Daymond, Joseph
De Motile, Capt.
Dupree
Denier, John (2)
Drew, Chas. H.
Derrick, Chas.
Donaldson, W. H.
De Witt, L. O.
Eddy, E.
Florence, Geo. A.
Franck, Henry
Frost, Hyatt
Frantum, Geo. (2)
Fox, Joe
Fitzgerald, R.
Fish, Jas. (2)
Foster, Chas.
Fox, Billy
Fish Chas.
Franks, Sidney
Forepaugh, Adam
Southold, E. M.
Gulick, Jos. A.
Goodrich, E. 6c.
Goodrich F. T.
Gilbert, Jos. M.
Grady, G. G.
Gannon, Pete
Gorham, Wm.
Hughes, Mark Oscar
Harcourt, Geo. B. (2)
Hallett, Lew
Hilton, Wm. (2)
Henly, Jas.
Huffner, Frank
Holston, W. (1)
Haverly, J. H.
Holloway, E.
Homan, Geo. H.
Howson, Frank A.
Haywood, Chas.
H. W. M.
Jones, Edward
Jackson Harry
Jester, G. W.
Juggler (3)
Johnson, Robt.
Johnson & Powers,
Jack, Jno. H.
King, Geo. W.
Kelly & Leon,
Knight, Frank (3)
Kenny J. C.
Kearner, Master
Keller, Harry
Lang, Joe (2)
Lusbie, Ben
Lewis, Wm. F.
Lott, T. L. O.
Lowell, Ed. F.
Leech, J. A.
Lennox, Geo. J. (2)
MacKvoy, Chas.
Moran, Master
Melville, Walter
Manager, (3)
Mack, Harry
McKean, Harry (2)
Mack, Joe H.
Mayo Frank
Manning, Wm. 6c.
Melville, Chas. (2)
McVeigh, Johnny
Marsden, Edward
Marshall, Billy
Maeder, F. G.
Miner, Harry
Noyes, C. W.
Orton, Nyolo
North, Levi J.
Navoni Jno. M.
Osborne, Henry (2)
Older, P. A.
Payson, E.
Pitcher, Orville
Phillips, Harry
Phillips, Gus (2)
Pratt, F. C.
Parker, Ned
Pierce, Johnny
Pooton, H. J.
Pettit, Seamon S.
Revenie, Mons.
Reed, W.
Rennie, Jas. H.
Richards, Prof.
Rickey, Sam'l (2)
Rickes, Geo.
Robinson, Jas. 8, 18c.
Richardson, Chas.
Richmond, Hy. G. 3c.
Robinson, Yankee
Robinson, Silas F.
Richmond, Harry
Schoeffel, Jno. B.
Smith, Sid
Stone & Murray
Stanton, Geo.
Sheridan & Mack,
Straight, Ned
Saunders, Jas.
Smith, Dick
Sudava, R. W.
Strickland, Wm. H.
Sheldon, Wm. P.
Selby
Spaulding, W. P.
Sexton, N. C.
Stout, Johnny
Street, W. C.
Slocum, R. C.
Thorne, Chas.
Turner, Ned (3)
Victorell, H.
Victorell, Wm.
Vernon, Swaebe
Webb, Henry
Washburn, Leon W. (6)
Welch, Billy
Watson Bros.
Williams, Thomas
Woodfield W.
Williams, H. A. B.
Ware, Percy
Wadge, Harvey
Ware, W. G. (2)
Western, Dick
Whitin, Harley
White, Joseph
Williams Jesse fe.
Wilson, Chas.
White, Chas. O.
Watson, Thos.
Zorn, Gustave

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Dec. 4th, '71.

We are now getting ourselves in order for the coming holidays, and to judge by the display already made in our shop windows, there will be no lack of novelties in the way of *bijouterie* and jimcrackery to tempt the nimble sixpence from the pocket of the slow wayfarer. Among other attractions gotten up for the especial benefit of the youthful lover of theatrical entertainments may be mentioned miniature temples of the drama with real scenes and moving figures, and everything requisite for the representation of a thrilling tragedy or a gorgeous spectacle, with blood and thunder, and red and yellow fire and such stuff. And these little theatrical contrivances find "quick sales and large profits," or, leastwise they 'go off like hot cakes"—the reason why hot cakes go off so quickly being that it is but seldom *hot* cakes are served up at our hotels and restaurants, and when they *are*, by some mistake in the cooking department, brought to the table in a smoking condition, the half famished boarders go for them, and look upon them as a long absent friend whom they may never expect to meet again.....We have had but few novelties at our theatres since last week; among the new presentations was a play called "Paris; or, Days of the Commune." Last week, in Paris, four men were shot to death for atrocities committed in that city during the reign of the Commune there. It is fortunate for the author of this new play that President Thiers does not rule in this country, for the atrocities committed by our author would certainly have induced the former to sentence him to instant death.....There is one "new novelty" that we have *not* secured, and who is accountable for this dereliction of duty is more than we can tell. It is authoritatively stated that the sole production by this actual cow that kicked over the actual lamp that set fire to the city of Chicago is on exhibition in thirty-one different places; and yet not one of it has been shown in this city, where *all* extraordinary attractions are first brought to light. Who has blundered in this matter? Who has permitted other cities to outshine us in the possession of this woeful lamb? Nothing can be attributed to this unfortunate oversight but the immediate exhibition, in *this* city, of *the actual cow that kicked over that lamp!*.....We can't understand what is the matter with our showmen. Here is another instance of the want of foresight on the part of those who pretend to cater for our amusement:—In Boston they possess a lady whose "hea th of hair" is nine inches longer than she is herself, her height being sixty-three inches in her high-heeled gaiters, while her hair is seventy-two inches long; and yet we haven't had *her* yet. Now, these omissions to provide us with the latest and best curiosities are becoming entirely too frequent, and, if persisted in, means will be taken to know the reason why. "It is never too late to mend," remember.....We are still doing the Duke; we have let him off on a twenty-four hours' furlough, in order that he may take a look at the fiery drabs of Philadelphia, who have squeezed into their programme for *one day* enough to kill the man. If the infamous intentions of the Quaker City committee should be carried out, as announced, we fear that his imperial highness will have to be carried out, too. Now, we cannot conscientiously believe that our Philadelphia friends *mean* to murder the duke, but certainly there is good ground for *suspicion* of evil intent. *We* nearly assassinated Alexis, last week, at the balls we forced him into. The Philadelphians are to ball him to-night, but the weather indications are that it will be a *snow ball.* [Keep your seats.—ED.] "Our Jim" got in and got out again at *our* ball given to the duke. Here is what the lad says about it:—

AT THE DOOK'S BALL—A DREME.

BY "OUR JIM."

I dremt that I went to the grand dook's ball,
With a policeman close by me si-i-ide,
And sum of the cheap wood had got in the hall
If their funds hadn't been at low ti-i-ide;
I had etin no supper that ni-ite, cood boast
Of an appytite been and rare, pro-o-ud the most
But—I dreamt that I was—I was mi-i-ighty hot
With the names on the French bill of fare,
With the names on, the names on the French bill of fare,
With the names on, the names on the Pre-ench bill of fare.

I dreemt that waiters was always at hand
That ni-ite for sumthin to doo-oo-oo,
And cast in a way I cood not understand
When I called for sum fresh Irish sto-o-oo;
And I dre-emt that wun of that no-obil host
Cum forth as I "rose to xplane,"
But—I al-also dremt, which disgus-ed me most,
That he kick-ed me out in the rain,
That he kick-ed, he kick-ed me out in the rain,
That he kick-ed, he kick-ed me ou-out in the rain.

.....Dear friends, permit us to say to you in all kindness that a new style of visiting card is about coming into fashion. It is made of highly-polished thin strips of wood, with the name of the person engraved in old English letters. These cards will be appropriate for wooden men and theatrical sticks. As we have had "no cards" so long, this new notion will doubtless meet with a hearty welcome.....R. M. Hooley, the well-known minstrel manager and "Chicago sufferer," is about to start again at his old home in Brooklyn. Minstrelsy is the objective point of *Mr. Hooley*, and *who'll he* get for his troupe is the anxious inquiry of the boys who are "off colour," just now. This is a well-intentioned little squib, which we hope will get off scot-free.....At the Union Square Theatre there need be no fear of a falling off in the bill of fare provided, for the *Butler* who has been in charge there has just called in the aid of a *Butcher*. [As this *bon mot* has only just this moment been invented, the recent destruction of the large glass sign over the building cannot be attributed to its agency or influence.—ED.].....On Monday evening next "Divorces" will have attained its one hundredth representation at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre. Will the ladies appear in *new Divorce suits* after that?.....John Gough, lecturer and temperance advocate, has started out with a new subject:—"Will it Pay?" We presume the conundrum cannot be definitely answered until Mr. Gough *gives it up*.....Amusements on Thanksgiving day were as cold as the audiences. We don't know when we had such a cheerless holiday. Even the fantasticals, who generally make a good deal of mirthful sport on Thanksgiving, seemed to be completely frozen up on this occasion, and not all the fiery benzine of which they partook so freely, was sufficient to thaw them out. The people couldn't get thawed *out*, either, and that is why most of the places of amusement were unable to gather in much. [This is *not* a joke, beloved reader, but a *fixed fact*.—ED]. In the evening there was considerable "scrouging" at one of the theatres, but not sufficient to make it a "theatre of war." [A bad pen has produced many abortions beside this.—ED.].....And talking about Thanksgiving, we have omitted to inform you that on that day "we walked an hour away in listening to the brothers roar" in a primitive little church in a small village where we used to how the bellows in a blacksmith shop. We sat beside a dear brother who is old enough to have outgrown his youthful follies. We were all piously engaged in singing the good old tune "Concord," to the words:—

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred graces,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets."

Judge, if you can, dear brothers, of the effect on our devotional feelings, when, in a deep bass voice at our side, we heard the following parody:—

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand *stripod* snakes, etc.

We did not wait to "reach the heav-nly fields" before we had indulged in a hearty laugh. We very much fear that that poor, misguided, half shell Presbyterian brother needs reconstructing.....A western critic speaks of a female lecturer—who lately made her *debut*—"as a clairvoyant light among the gas, kerosene and 'tallow dips' for which are seeking to illuminate the lecture stage." We are not bloodthirsty; we seek no man's life without cause; but, in the interests of the myriad of lecturers who are *not* calcium lights we seriously ask whether this western editor is fit to live. This is a subject that should not be made light of.....Another infamous story is going the rounds "out west" to the effect that a girl lately broke her neck in attempting to avoid a kiss from one of her lovers. This is a base libel on the sex, and were we aware of the author's identity we should demand his instant dismissal from a position he is no longer fit to occupy. We have it on the most undoubted authority that such an occurrence *never occurred*.—Ed. No. 1 nailed to the counter. Again, the same excellent authority informs us that the girl never *had* any lovers, and therefore no attempt to kiss her was ever made—Ed. No. 2 nailed and clinched. We presume that this will be sufficient to stop the further progress of this deleterious and damaging falsehood.....Josh. Hart is about to bring out "The New York Milkman." It is to be hoped that the production will be better than what the New York milkman usually gives us, and that it will be no milk and water affair. It is immaterial whether you laugh at this or not. If you do *not*, the milk in the cocoanut is easily accounted for.—ED.].....The St. James Theatre has closed abruptly, in consequence, it is alleged, of the sickness of one of the performers. This is probably an error—in consequence of the sickness of the audience is more likely.....Did you read Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation?" No? Well no*w* that's a terrible thing. However, you can make amends by going to the Bowery Theatre, where it is now being played. This should be temptation enough to draw you. If not, why then next week Lucy Rushton is to appear with her "Red Hands."

City Summary.

Notice to City Managers, their Treasurers and Doorkeepers.

We have recently ascertained that certain parties have been imposing upon our city managers by representing themselves as being connected with the CLIPPER, and seeking free admission and other favors on the strength of such alleged connection. We shall feel greatly obliged to managers, their treasurers, doorkeepers, etc., if they will hereafter refuse free admission to all such parties. The gentleman detailed to report as to what is going on at our theatres, halls, etc., is well known, and he will exhibit his credentials where required to do so. Should we find it necessary to send others, they will pay their way.

W. H. MUNROE, in what he is pleased to term "Mystic Changes," was the only fresh appearance (save the re-appearance of Miss Polly Daly, serio-comic) at the Theatre Comique during the past week. He comes upon the stage attired in a black dress coat, black trousers, having in his hand a high opera crush hat, and sings a collection of songs, at the end of each one of which he, without leaving the stage, and while in full view of the audience, makes several changes in his costume, as follows:—Upon the coat, which is closely buttoned, in place of the black buttons there suddenly appear and disappear double rows of gilt buttons. Closing his crush hat and affixing it to a rear button on his coat, he produces from a pocket a small cap, with wig attached, which he places upon his head; quickly turning his trousers up above the knee, to give them the appearance of knee breeches, we find his lower limbs encased in neatly fitting white gaiters, and, producing a telescopic cane, we are presented with an excellent portraiture of an old man in the full costume of years gone by. By a sudden movement from the neck the entire costume is changed to full female attire. He then sings "Tassels on Her Boots," and at the conclusion of the first verse, as he slightly raises the skirt of his dress in front, we see that the gaiters have disappeared, and that his feet are encased in neatly fitting ladies' boots, with tassels thereon. Succeeding this he makes several entire changes of costume, all being, however, of female attire, differing materially in style and color. He wears a jaunty little hat upon his head, which is changed in color and style to suit the various costumes, without removing it; also, different wigs are seen upon his head after the latest style of ladies' hair dressing. The performances are certainly wonderful, and excel in rapidity of execution and completeness, any that we have hitherto witnessed. Mr. Munroe's vocal powers do not amount to much, but that is of little consequence, as the undivided attention of the audience is enlisted in endeavoring to solve the mystery of the changes. His singing bears about the same relation to his performances as the conversation of a conjuror to his. A sensational sketch in seven scenes, entitled the "Dead O' Night Boys," was produced, for the first time, on Nov. 27th. Miss Daly was warmly welcomed, and gained favor by her singing. Miss Alice Somers performed in a clever manner a clog and a song and dance. Delehanty and Hengler continued their excellent performances in their specialties. Miss Jenny Hughes sang with pleasing effect a fresh selection of songs. Miles Albertina, Marie and Leontine, together with the *corps de ballet* appeared to advantage in a new *divertissement* entitled "Nemrid."

THE GLOBE MINSTRELS commenced a brief season at the Globe Theatre on Nov. 27th. G. W. H. Griffin as the interlocutor, J. H. Budworth occupies the bone end, and W. H. Budworth the tambo. In the first part J. Cooke sang "The Little Ones at Home;" W. S. Budworth, "Tapioca;" D. S. Vernon, "Dear Old Sunny Home;" J. H. Budworth, "All Nations," and Arthur McKoun, "Don't Be Angry With Me, Darling;" all of which were rendered in a praiseworthy manner. The finale consisted of the "Perplexed Schoolmaster," by Griffin and J. H. and W. S. Budworth. The comical replies of the two latter to the geographical queries of the former created much mirth. In the second part Stiles and Phelps performed some double songs and dances, meeting with favor. El Nino Eddie exhibited his skill, grace and daring upon the tight rope, and a number of acts, similar to the customary minstrel performances, made up a pleasing programme, which attracted a fair attendance.

A NUMEROUS ATTENDANCE was attracted to Wallack's Theatre during the past week by the excellent performance of Lester Wallack's drama, entitled "Rosedale," in which he is seen to good advantage as Elliot Grey. "Rosedale" was performed at a *matinee* on Dec. 2d, and will be repeated during the first week for the last times. On Dec. 2d the "Rivals" was acted for the last time this season.

PEOPLE MAY CRY DIVORCE, but there is no divorce between the public and the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and yet at the latter "Divorce" is. This may seem a paradox. The attendance there during the past week was numerically exceeded that on the first production.

THE CONTINUED SUCCESS of "Humpty Dumpty" gives assurance that its run will be prolonged beyond the holidays for a considerable period. In England they can only have pantomime at Christmas and for a limited period thereafter, but then they have not G. L. Fox nor his brother Charley, who may, some day, decide to go over there, just to show them what kind of pantomimists America can produce.

MISS LIZZIE KEYS and the Seigrist family constituted the fresh additions to the company at the New York Circus during the past week. Miss Keys is a pleasing and dashing equestrian, who accomplishes her feats with confidence, apparent ease and skill. F. Seigrist first introduced some trained dogs in this city, and he exhibited a remarkable degree of instinct, and later in the evening, with his three little sons, performed some clever acrobatic feats which met with much applause. The entire company, for the first time this season, appeared in feats of vaulting, among whom we may particularly commend Charley Fish, who vaulted through a "balloon," which could not have exceeded sixteen inches in diameter; R. W. Rea, Jr., S. Forrest, D. A. Seal and Charles F. Reed. Among the other chief performers were Miss Lucy Watson, "*Le jeune*" Burt, the Jee Brothers and Signor Ferzanti.

AT BARNUM'S CIRCUS, Museum and Menagerie the usual equestrian performances have been given twice daily, with encouraging prospects, which, combined with the many curiosities, the large collection of rare animals, the glass blowers and the living curiosities, form a pleasing and attractive exhibition.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS attracted a fair average attendance during the past week, appearing in a pleasing and varied programme, among the conspicuous features of which may be mentioned the comicalities of those twin sons of Momus, Birch and Backus; the silvery tenor voice of that prince of minstrel vocalists, D. S. Wambold; the dignified utterances of Bernard, the interlocutor, and the pleasing songs and dances of Bobby Newcomb.

THE SHARP, piercing wind, and the low temperature which prevailed on Thanksgiving Day probably prevented a large influx of amusement seekers from the rural districts paying their customary visit to this city. The attendance at the various *matinees* was as follows:—At Niblo's, the lower part of the house was well filled, with plenty of seats to be had up stairs. At the San Francisco Minstrels the attendance was limited. At the Olympic, standing room only, and little of that to be had. At the Globe, a somewhat sparse audience. At the Fifth Avenue, the largest attendance ever present at a *matinee*. At Booth's, the audience was sparse, and at Bryant's Minstrels a medium sized audience was present. The attendance in the evening was large at all places of amusement.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE "Searching the Depths," preceded by a farce, continued the attraction during the entire past week. On Saturday evening it was preceded by the "Golden Farmer," and supplemented with the drama entitled "Mose." This evening a dramatization of Charles Reade's novel of "A Terrible Temptation," by S. W. Middleton, will be acted for the first time.

THE LAST WEEK, save one, of Mr. Sothern's engagement at Niblo's Garden, will be the present. As we predicted at the commencement of this engagement, "Our American Cousin" will form the attraction of his last present engagement. On Dec. 16th the "Black Crook" is to be revived, and will, probably, be played some six weeks, after which Mrs. John Wood and some artists from London, Eng., will play a brief engagement; then Mr. Sothern will return, and, probably, appear in a round of favorite characters, such as David Garrick and Augustus Thrillington, in which he has won much reputation in England.

SHERIDAN AND MACK, dual performers; Miss Viola Clifton, character vocalist; Harry Brown, comic; and Donahue, Irish vocalist, comprised the new appearances at Tony Pastor's during the past week. Sheridan and Mack, who perform with white faces, are thorough artists, and met with great favor from the audience. Miss Viola Clifton, in character songs, with rapid changes of costume, was favorably received. Harry Brown's comic songs were fairly rendered, and Donahue's Irish songs and witticisms had the true flavor of the Emerald Isle, and drew forth considerable applause. Tony Pastor sang some fresh songs, and the members of the regular company were seen to advantage in their various specialties.

THREE EGYPTIAN JUGGLERS, who are said to be wonderful performers, have been secured to Alexandria, Egypt, to appear in the "Black Crook" in this city, at Niblo's Garden. So we are informed by one of our blanket sheet reputable dailies—so it ought to be true, if it isn't.

AT BRYANT'S MINSTRELS a complete change was made in the first part during the past week. Munroe Dempster sang "Her bright smile haunts me still;" Dave Reed, the "Roosters Crow;" Louis Braham, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea;" J. A. Barney, "In her cradle, Baby's Sleeping;" Dan Bryant, a comic ditty; W. F. Stanley, the "Virginia Rose Bud," while "Jumbo Jums' College" was the finale. In the second part, W. W. Newcomb performed some burlesque prestidigitatorial feats, which were favorably received. Little Mac in a comic essence, Dan Bryant as the Live Injun; Morrisey and Emerson in double songs and dances; J. W. Meadows as the waterman man; and Miles Seymour in the personal of eccentric characters, made up an enjoyable programme, which attracted a fair attendance.

E. EDDY, JR., and wife (Miss Irene Worrell) and Miss Sophie Worrell, arrived in this city from Savannah, Ga., Dec. 2d.

MISS SUSAN DENIN, Messrs. J. R. Studley and J. W. Albaugh acted during the past week at Wood's Museum in a sensational drama in six acts, adapted from the French, entitled "Clairvoyance; or, The Man with the WAX Figures," which was also performed at the *matinees* on Thanksgiving and Saturday. As other versions of this play have been frequently acted throughout the country, we have no need to rehearse the story of its plot. Although the characters are numerous the opportunity for any display of dramatic ability is confined to three or four principal ones. Jean Vesanbaron, the virtuous, yet persecuted hero of the drama, was effectively acted by J. W. Albaugh, while the utter change in his personal appearance, after a supposed absence of ten years passed in the galleys, was both commendable and artistic. Miss Susan Denin had but little to do as Martha Vesanbaron, the wife of Jean, yet was natural and impressive. The character of Rodille, the chief personage in the drama, and one of the most unconscionable villains we have ever seen portrayed upon the stage, was excellently acted by J. B. Studley. He appeared the incarnation of fiendishness, which was artfully concealed beneath a quiet and gentlemanly exterior. The coolness with which he resolved to take the life of any person who stood in the way of his accomplishing the chief desire of his life—the possession of great wealth—was positively startling, and during the drama many fell by his hand. The characters of Homer, a mesmerist, and Lairdon, a dealer in old curiosities, tools of Rodille, were well acted by T. L. Connor and J. W. Wallace, respectively. Little Agnes Keene acted Blanche Vesanbaron during the first three acts, quite naturally and intelligently. In the remaining portion of the drama the character was acted by Miss De Forrest. Miss Jennie Arnot gave a pleasing and vivacious impersonation of Ursule, and Miss Louise Arnot acted fairly the pretended clairvoyant, Pamela. The remaining characters were brief sketches, of which we need not speak in detail, but we may add that the various performers labored conscientiously to aid in the success of the drama. The attendance was not large, save on the holiday. At the other *matinee* performances "Pale Janet" continued the attraction.

"PARIS, OR DAYS OF THE COMMUNE," a romantic drama by T. C. De Leon, was produced at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, Nov. 27th, for the first time on any stage. The attendance was quite meagre; and did not improve during the week, save on the holiday night. It would be futile to attempt to write a coherent story of the plot of the drama. The situations are badly contrived and the language is beneath mediocrity. We do not believe that it is a custom among French soldiers to address an American citizen who holds a commission in their own *corps*, and who has been long associated with them, as "American," ignoring both title of rank and name. We are aware that the Chinese in their Pigeon English, address all Americans as "Melican man," but we have yet to learn that the French peasantry or soldiery have adopted their customs. We are by no means averse to the encouragement of native dramatists, but to write in commendatory terms of this production or even with leniency, would but injure the cause we wish to serve. Mr. de Leon is by no means an untried author. Managers have thrown open their theatres to him, and he has had ample opportunity afforded him to achieve success, which we regret to say has not been accorded him in a single instance. The drama was mounted with elaborately painted sceneries, especially prepared therefor; the characters and a large auxiliary force were correctly costumed; and so far as the mechanical portion of the drama was concerned there was nothing left undone. The actors labored conscientiously with the parts assigned them, but with such an exception there was little or no scope for acting. Miss Ada Gray is to be commended for her spirited performance of Therese. J. F. Wheelock, in the dual characters of Phillip and Paul Livingston, evinced the possession of dramatic ability which he found little or no opportunity to display. W. H. Whailey, as the old Corporal Rene, acted with spirit and vigor, while the balance of the company had so much fustian to speak and the merest sketches of character given them to delineate, that its justice is hem ve will not undertake to review their efforts. The drama was withdrawn after the performance of Dec. 2d, and may be pronounced one of the failures of the present season. This evening, Dec. 4th, Frank Mayo commences an engagement, acting in the "Three Guardsmen."

STIRLL BARRY will appear in a new play, entitled "Erin Abu; or, Dermot O'Dwyer," when he commences his engagement at Wood's Museum. Managers and others are referred to a card in another column for opinions of the English press, &c.

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE, which was opened some time ago under flattering auspices by Mr. John E. McDonough, and which was subsequently under the direction of Miss Annie Lonsdale, came to an abrupt close after the performance on Thanksgiving night. We do not wonder at it, after seeing the miserable bill the lady had gathered together. In justice to Mr. McDonough, we will say that we have been credibly informed that Miss Lonsdale had engaged the theatre up to Dec. 30th inclusive, and that the management was entirely ignorant of her intention to close the theatre until Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Under these circumstances, if attraction can be secured, it is the intention to re-open the theatre on Dec. 11th; otherwise it will remain closed until Jan 1st.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE is the name of a new variety theatre which is situated in the street which gives it its name, on the southerly side thereof, midway in the block between the Third and Second avenues. The entrance from the street is spacious, being some twenty-five feet in width, and at a distance of some thirty feet from the street in the centre of the passage is the box office, and to the right the entrance to the parquet, and on the left the entrance to the first and only gallery. The auditorium is neatly fitted up, the seats being capacious and comfortable, while on either side are four private boxes, two in each tier, the lower ones being particularly roomy. We should judge that one thousand people could be accommodated in the auditorium. It was inaugurated on Nov. 27th, with a pleasing programme, which was continued during the week. Among the chief performers were Miss Annie Hindle, in character songs; Miss Lizzette Bernard, who acted some five characters in "In and Out of Place;" Lew Sayers, in a musical act, playing upon a banjo, a kind of mouth harmonicon and a drum, at one and the same time; Miss Netta, serio-comic; Netta and her banjo; Miss Lea, in a song and dance; Eph Horn, Jr., in Ethiopian sketches, and Harry Leslie in a pantomime. On the evening we were present, Saturday, the attendance was quite limited; there being only some eighty people present in the lower part of the house, with possibly about the same number in the gallery. It will necessarily take some little time for the theatre to become known. It seems to us that the location is a good one, and, with proper management, it may achieve success. The management deserve credit for the enterprise thus far displayed.

THE SUDDEN CHANGE in the temperature on Tuesday evening last had a visible effect in diminishing the attendance at all the places of public amusement in the city.

Dramatic.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

Every regularly authorized correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is supplied with the necessary credentials, in the shape of a card, with an engraving of the CLIPPER Building on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1st, 1871, affixed thereto, each card running for six months, when new ones will be issued on the return of the old, but one representative being recognized in each place. We particularly request that managers of entertainments will decline extending favors to any person representing himself as correspondent of this paper who cannot produce the card referred to. By acceding to this request, managers will not be imposed on by irresponsible parties. Cards are only issued to correspondents of the amusement department of this paper. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are specifully requested to consider silence a negative.

M'LLE MARIE ZOE, under the management of Messrs. Glassford and Meeker, gave two entertainments and a *matinee* at Harrisburg, Pa., on Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, producing the Serpentine Dance to immense audiences. On Thursday, over four hundred and twenty reserved seats were sold, a larger number than had ever before been disposed of for an entertainment at Brant's Hall. The performance gave satisfaction, and each member of the company is deserving of praise for the manner in which they filled the *roles* to which they were assigned. The receipts during their stay amounted to about $900.

ROSE AND HARRY WATKINS, with their dramatic company, commenced a six nights' engagement at Savannah, Ga., on Nov. 27th, in "Trodden Down." Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 30th, says:—"A full house assembled to greet these Savannah favorites. On Tuesday night the 'Helping Hand' was played to a large and fashionable audience. This piece has a peculiar interest for the people of this section; it is a reminder of the good anti-bellum times, when a prototype of old Hurricane and Wool could be found in every neighborhood. Harry Watkins, as Wool, gave a capital rendition of the old plantation darkey and received much applause. Mrs. Watkins as Capitola was spirited and lively in the part. She rendered the song of 'Shut the Door' beautifully and displayed her musical qualities to advantage. Major Warfield, the crusty old Virginian, was well played by Mr. A. Hastings. Mr. Cooper as Black Donald was fair. The balance of the company are only middling, but may improve on further acquaintance. On Wednesday night another large audience assembled to witness 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Mrs. Watkins, as Kathleen, was superb and rendered the part with much feeling. Mr. Watkins, as Terence, was good, and his playing on the flute the beautiful air of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' was *encored*. To-night, Thursday, 'Katy Darling;' Friday, 'East Lynne;' Saturday, 'Molly Bawn' and 'Two to Quarrel' are announced. A noticeable feature of each night's performance is the music rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Kenny on the tumbleronicon."

OF THE DRAMA IN PITTSBURGH, PA., our correspondent writes, under date of Dec. 1st, saying that "at the Fifth Avenue Opera House John F. Poole's new drama of 'Shin Fane' has been running since Nov. 20th, with T. G. Riggs in five of the principal roles, besides the assumptions of Mr. Riggs, the cast embraces twenty-two characters, all of which are creditably rendered. The play depends mainly for success on sensational effects, of which it possesses an abundance; however, a sentiment of mirth and pathos pervades the drama, and the plot is entertainingly elaborate. Mr. Riggs is an Irish comedian of merit, his brogue is natural, and make-up and manner, life-like; the peculiar virtue of his character is nothing to be overdone. The play is presented in good style. Two performances were given on Thanksgiving day, both of which were largely attended. Business for the week averaged good.....Charles Mathews has been attracting fair audiences at the Opera House this week, and made his *debut* in this city on the 27th, appearing in 'Used Up' and 'If I had but a Thousand a Year.' There was a repetition of the bill on the 29th. During the balance of the week 'Married for Money,' 'Cool as a Cucumber,' etc., were presented. Mr. Mathews is one of the best comedians that has played in Pittsburgh for some months. Mr. M. is passably well supported by Mr. Blister's Cleveland company. Two entertainments were furnished on Thanksgiving day, and were both well patronized. Jansauschek and her dramatic company open, for one week, on Dec. 4th."

GEORGE LINGARD, late of the Worre'l Sisters' company, joined Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins' company at Savannah, Ga.

MISS JENNY HIGHT and her company failed to put in an appearance at Springfield, Ill., Nov. 27th, as announced, in consequence of a young brother of that lady being dangerously ill. The company were paid off in Peoria and disbanded.

THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE had a very good attendance on some nights during the past week, to whom the entertainments seemed to give considerable satisfaction. In the company for the current week are M'le Geraldine and Leopold, Gus Williams, Dougherty, Ashcroft, Eoiln Howard, Raynor Brothers, Sturges and others.

LOTTA, the vivacious, is in town and will remain during the week for rest and recreation. Her business manager, A. S. Pennoyer, is likewise calling upon his old friends. Lotta will commence a week's engagement at Albany, N. Y., Dec. 11th, thence to Baltimore, and West and South.

HARRY CUMMINGHAM, dramatic agent, 632 Broadway, publishes a card in another column, to which we refer managers and others.

FRANK MORDAUNT'S first benefit in Buffalo, N. Y., occurred Nov. 27th at the Academy of Music. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 2d, says:—"He came here at the opening of the present season, an utter stranger, assuming the position of leading man, and in a very short time became a universal favorite. In all plays requiring intensity of feeling, thrilling displays of passion and genuine pathos, Mr. Mordaunt is much liked. The programme comprised the drama of the 'Romance of a Poor Young Man,' recitations of 'Sheridan's Ride' and 'Beautiful Snow,' by the beneficiary, and the melo-drama of 'Captain Kidd.' The character of Manuel, in the first play, was one peculiarly adapted to Mr. Mordaunt's dramatic powers, and received full justice at his hands. In the lower scene, particularly, his fine reading was given with effect, and elicited rounds of applause. Miss Waugh sustained the character of Marguerite with true womanly grace and dignity. The Dr. Desmarets of Mr. Rogers was a happy effort. Mr. Wright was perfectly at home as De Brevannes. The balance of the characters were *au fait* in their parts. Mr. Mordaunt's recitations were given with his best elocutionary powers, and, at their conclusion, he was called before the curtain and made a brief speech. As Captain Kidd, in the drama of that name, Mr. Mordaunt depicted the noted pirate in thrilling style. The performance lasted until nearly one o'clock—altogether too long under any circumstances. The audience was not as large as he deserved. Edwin Adams commenced an engagement on the 28th in 'Enoch Arden.' His well known excellence in impersonation of this role needs no comment at the present time. Miss Waugh, as Annie, depicted the suffering and afterward happy wife with great effect. Mr. Mordaunt made a most acceptable Philip Ray. A quartet from the Liedertafel, introduced in the first act, added greatly to the interest of the play. Large audiences were in attendance during the run of 'Enoch Arden.' The play was produced three nights and at the *matinee* this afternoon. Last evening, for Mr. Adams' benefit, the play of 'The Inconstant; or, Wine Works Wonders,' was produced to a full house, the beneficiary assuming the character of young Mirabel. 'The Inconstant,' and the 'Gunmaker of Moscow' will be produced this evening. On Dec. 4th, Brougham's 'Red Light' will be produced. This play was brought out here two seasons since, with Mr. Brougham as the hero, Ned Macdermot, which character Mr. Adams will now assume. Mr. A. remains next week, and on the 11th inst., G. Swaine Buckley will be 'On the Track' for one week."

YANKEE GLUNN, supported by E. M. Leslie's dramatic company, performed at Manchester, N. H., Nov. 30th.

MISS LILLIE ELDRIDGE closed her engagement of six nights at the Trimble Opera House, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 2d. Our correspondent, writing on that date, says:—"On Nov. 27th,

Bishop and Thursday, 'The Chimney Corner' and 'Maid of Munster' were performed. To night for his benefit, 'Louis XI.,' which will be given with a cast to warrant night, and for the matinee, the 'Chimney Corner.' Mr. Cosdcock as Peter Probity rendered the character with that same excellence of manner, which has ever tended in all similar roles to class him as among the first in his profession. The support by the stock was generally good. In the afterpiece, 'Maid of Munster,' Mr. Norman, as Sir Lacy Pearce, was easy; Mr. Webster, as Charles, was all that was required; while Wiggins, as Sam, maternally enlivened the scenes in which he participated; the Kate O'Brien of Miss Mary Stevens was an odd and quite in keeping with her abilities. This lady was the recipient of a benefit last Saturday night, which was not very numerously attended. The expiration of the week will conclude Mr. Cosdcock's engagement, Mr. H. Lingard opening on Dec. 4th, for one week.....At the Olympic, the Abbott pantomime troupe have been drawing largely in the 'Three Hunchbacks.' Mr. Chas. Abbott, as the clown, delightsthe audiences by his inimitable antics and tricks as Simple Simon. Messrs. Christie, Howland and Franklin were, as the three determined, thewise good. Master Jack, by C. W. Kane, appeared especially graceful, with the Misses Duffield and Hurbert shewing to good advantage. During the performance the Moe Brothers, in their skating carnival, won vociferous applause. Jerry Cohan, in his sketches, did passably well. This company will continue here another week."

OF AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON, MASS, our regular report, bearing date of Dec. 2d, says as follows:—"Miss Cushman, at the Globe, has drawn another series of crowded houses to see her play Meg Merrlies in 'Guy Mannering.' This may be called her greatest character, and was so acted and made up as to produce a thrilling effect upon the audiences. Mr. Boniface is to be complimented for doing well in Dandie Dinmont. Mr. Jennings, as Dominie Sampson, was hardly up to the requirements of the part, the latter being entirely too much for him. Sheridan was a good Col. Mannering, while Colin Stuart, as Harry Bertram, was flat, to use a mild expression. Mrs. Barry as Lucy Bertram, and Josie Orton as Julia Mannering, were both acceptable, as was also Ada Gilman as Flora. Mr. Fuller is to be highly praised for his fine Scotch brogue and make-up as Dallie Mucklestuff. The piece is being brought out with commendable care. On Thursday (Thanksgiving) afternoon, Miss Cushman played Mrs. Simpson in 'Simpson and Co.,' followed by 'Trying It On.' The weather being very boisterous, the attendance was limited. Mr. Floyd, as Mr. Bromley, gave as natural a bit of acting as one could desire to see. Miss Cushman has been re-engaged for another week, owing to her great success, and will appear on the first three nights of the week as Meg Merrlies, and on Saturday afternoon 'Henry VIII' is to be repeated.....Tae managers of the Museum are reaping a golden harvest, to judge from the way 'Elfie' draws. Yesterday afternoon and evening there were immense houses, standing room only being posted at an early hour. It runs smoother than ever and seems to possess qualities which are very potent to entertain the multitude. It is the hit of the season, and will be continued until further notice. To-morrow it enters on its fourth week.....At the Boston Theatre, Moriacchi, her *ballet* troupe, and the Majilions have appeared each night and Saturday afternoon in the 'French Spy.' The houses have not been large, but the entertainment has been good, particularly the fantastic capers of the Majilions, whose performances alone, coming as they do toward the end of the play, amply repays one for sitting through the dreariness and vapidity of two acts and a half. There are some graceful dancers and one or two pretty women among Mlle. Moriacchi's satellites, who also serve as a relief from the surrounding gloom. Moriacchi's dancing has been poor enough, with the exception of Leslie Allen as the Sergeant and Shirley France as Mohammed. This is the best thing that France does and is very good indeed. This week until Thursday the same bill will be repeated as well as on Saturday night. On Friday night the theatre will be used for a ball to be given to the Grand Duke Alexis. Thursday night there will be no performance, as workmen will be busy laying the floor and making other necessary preparations."

AT FORD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., Miss Maggie Mitchell has been playing the second week of her engagement to good houses. Our correspondent, writing under date of Dec. 2d, says:—"On Monday evening the 'Pearl of Savoy' was produced. This is one of the most charming of Miss Mitchell's impersonations; deep pathos, irresistible humor and bewitching *naiveté*, all of which she knows so well how to portray, exist in a delightful melange. Able support was rendered. Mr. Shewell, as Lonstalot; Mr. Ward, as the Commander; Mr. Murdoch, as Pierrot, and Miss Fred Williams, as Chonchon, particularly distinguished themselves. Tuesday the 'Pearl of Savoy' again. Wednesday evening 'Little Barefoot' was performed. Mr. Fred. Williams, the stage manager, appeared in this as William Peace and surprised us with a very clever piece of acting. Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Ward, the Misses Jennie and Lizzie Anderson and Mrs. Morell were very good. Thanksgiving *matinee* and evening, 'Little Barefoot;' Friday, 'Jane Eyre;' Saturday afternoon, 'Pearl of Savoy;' Saturday night, 'Little Barefoot.' On Dec. 4th, the 'Old Mamselle's Secret,' a new play adapted from the German, will be produced, with Miss Mitchell as Fay. The stock of scenery at this theatre is by no means yet complete; the scene used in 'Little Barefoot' to represent a room in the cottage of Farmer Peace was decidedly out of place, the same generally serving for a splendid apartment in a palace. Appearance of the house, however, has recently been much improved by the addition of handsome fringes to the curtain and elegant draperies to the private boxes. The spacious ante-room has also been adorned with rich carpets and furniture, and with a number of large and splendid paintings, presented by eminent artists.....At the Holliday, Johnny Thompson continues to attract good audiences with his single play, 'On Hand.' He is a decided favorite with people who admire this style of drama. Miss Olivia Rand played the part of Lucy Harbison quite well, though pathetic acting is not her *forte;* in sprightly, vivacious characters she excels, and never fails to impart to the audience her own exuberance of spirits. On Monday, Dec. 4th, D. L. Morris opens in 'Dollars.' It seems that we are now to have a surfeit of the dialect and sensation drama. The mass of the people appear to like it, however; so let them have it *ad nauseam.*"

THE PATRONS OF FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, are each week introduced to some agreeable novelty that serves to give variety to the excellent programmes presented. The Spanish Minstrels, Harry Davis, Dick Sands, Jule Keen and Sergeant Burke were the new attractions last week, taking the place of Signor Vayo and W. F. Munro, who closed there on the 26th ult. The Spanish Minstrels were a decided hit, displaying a thorough mastery of the guitar, and the brilliancy of their execution awakened loud and frequent applause. Harry Davis, the Arab acrobat, displayed remarkable agility in his novel act. Sergeant John E. Burke made his first appearance there on Tuesday, the 28th ult., in his lightning Zouave drill, and the extraordinary skill and dexterity he displayed in handling the musket far surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in Philadelphia. Miss Annie Adams nightly met with great applause for the very animated delivery of her serio-comic songs, and she has firmly established herself there as a decided favorite. Dick Sands, in his clog dance; Jule Keen, in Dutch specialties; the Walhalla Brothers, in their feats of balancing; Lilla and Zoe, in their extraordinary and daring feats; J. H. Milburn, in serio-comic vocalism; John Forbes, in banjo solos, and the large ballet troupe, headed by Mlle. De Rosa and Miss Helene Smith, in the *ballets* of "Le Chasseur du Bois" and "La Seiecia," constitute the programme for the week, with the comic pantomime of "Huldibrande" as the concluding feature, and in which Mons. Alex. Zanfretta made a light, merry and mischievous clown. Mlle. De Rosa's benefit on the 27th ult. was largely attended, standing room being at a premium, and in a flattering testimonial of the esteem entertained for her by the citizens of Philadelphia. Mlle. De Rosa closed a very successful engagement there on the 2d inst. Signor Monteverde appeared on the evening of the 27th ult., in a contortion act, but failed to appear afterwards. There appears to be a decided falling off in the quality of the music rendered at this establishment, and it is to be hoped that Prof. Ritter may speedily assume the position of leader, and thus restore the Orchestra to its former state of perfection. On the 4th inst. Turner and Lester make their re-appearance there; and Mlle. Bertha, *premier danseuse,* will also appear in conjunction with the other artists, including the Spanish Minstrels, J. H. Milburn and others. Sergeant John E. Burke, and Lilla and Zoe close there on the 9th inst.

ELKS.—The first annual benefit ball of the Philadelphia Lodge of the Order of Elks took place at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 1st. The prospect of an excellent entertainment, combined with the opportunity for aiding a most deserving charity, attracted a large and appreciative audience on the occasion, the receipts amounting to over fifteen hundred dollars. Mrs. Gen. Chapin, of Simpson's Museum, was entrusted with the stage management, and Mr. Jasper H. Ross, of Moran and Dixey's Minstrels, directed an unusually large and efficient orchestra. Mr. Charles W. Brooke, of New York, delivered an opening address, explaining in a witty manner the objects and purposes of the order, and his appropriate remarks, couched in the most graceful language, were loudly and frequently applauded. The grand dance "Kome ana Kiss Me" was then executed by Bobby Newcomb, Charles Gibbons and the Buffalo Boys, from the San Francisco Minstrels, New York, and was received with uproarious applause, and deservedly encored. Tony Pastor sang several of his comic songs in capital style. Fayette Welch then gave his "Sensation Act," playing a spec several distortions in a manner that was quite new to those accustomed to

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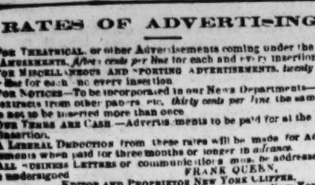

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MISS HENRIETTA BERGER,
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MISS JOSEPHINE BERGER,
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Humorist, Character Vocalist, Facial Delineator and Comic Orator.

READ

WHAT THE JOURNALS OF THE COUNTRY SAY CONCERNING THE ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE BERGER FAMILY.

THE BERGER FAMILY.—This Unrivalled Troupe performed at the Opera House last night, to the best house of the season. Every seat was taken, and many had to stand throughout the performance, which was a remarkable compliment from Lexington, who love their ease as much as any people in the world, and who wont stand long to listen to anything unless they happen to forget that they are dotzy.

Local notices of theatrical performances have come to be looked upon as such mere "puffs" that when performers of real merit appear among us, words in their praise come to be regarded with suspicion. So large an audience assembled last night to hear the Berger Family, however, that we may disregard this feeling and say plainly the entertainment afforded by these artists is the best to which our people have been treated for a long time. It is something at which all may be amused without offending the delicate sensibilities of any. The music of these Bell Ringers is rare in its exquisite sweetness and richness. Surely music never fell on the ear in more ravishing tones than when rung out by the beautiful Bells of the Berger Family.

But if the music of the Bell Ringers moves the soul and excites deep feeling, the comic rendition of Mr. Sol. Smith Russell is a genuine bonnet-vibe. They are full of real Wit and Humor. There never was, perhaps more quiet humor and at the same time more severe satire in anything than in Mr Russell's personation of the lecturing Representative on Women's Rights, talking perhaps to men with her lips and scolding them with her eyes. The presentation of the School Boy's Recitation of "Bingen on the Rome" was inimitably funny. There are some comic performers whom you can never feel pleased with yourself for encouraging by a smile, but Mr. Russell is of a different stamp—in applauding him, you feel you are paying a tribute to art.—Lexington, Ky., Daily Press, Oct. 28-h, 1871.

THE BERGER FAMILY.—The excellent troupe were to have been here Wednesday evening but, owing to the non-arrival of the mail train, did not reach the city in time to give an entertainment. Thursday evening the Opera House was not sufficient to accommodate the immense audience assembled to greet them. Even standing room was not to be had. The seats were nearly all reserved during the day, and some time before the curtain rose, instructions were given at the ticket office to sell no more tickets. The performance was equal to that of last winter, which is saying much in the way of eulogy, and proves that the people of Portsmouth will liberally patronize a really meritorious entertainment.—Portsmouth, Ohio, Times, Oct. 14th 1871.

The Berger Family gave their musical exhibition in the town hall in this place on last Monday night. The hall was crowded to overflowing, and the evening was spent most pleasantly. A special train was sent from Richmond to where the company had just been performing, to accommodate those who were sufficiently enthusiastic on the subject of Swiss Bell Ringers to follow them 22 miles to hear them a second time, and quite a large delegation was present from Cambridge. The Bell ringers are far superior to anything of the kind we have ever had in the town, and the occasion of their visit was a rich treat to all of our music loving citizens.—Lancaster, Ky., Democrat, Nov 8th, 1871.

The Opera Hall was more than full last Tuesday night, the occasion of the visit of the Berger Family Swiss Bell Ringers and Sol Smith Russell. It was literally packed. The seats were all taken at an early hour, and before the curtain rose good standing room was at a premium. The performers certainly have no reason to believe that they were not welcome in Danville. The performance gave the greatest satisfaction to everybody present.—Danville, Ky., Advocate, Nov. 9, 1871.

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The press, speaking of the occasion, said:—"The elite of the city turned out en masse, and at an early hour standing room only was placarded at the box office. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed during her extraordinary little melange, and when retiring for the last time she was nearly hemmed in by boquets and baskets of flowers."

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